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AUGUST 23, 1966

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Winning in Africa?
—SEE PAGE 832

NATIONAL REVIEW

Re the Prayer Amendment:

WHERE ARE THE CLERGYMEN?

CHARLES E. RICE

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A LETTER FROM SPAIN

PETER CRUMPET

Correspondence with heodore Draper

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'DEATH OF GOD' THEOLOGY, PART II, BY WILL HERBERG ♦ HAROLD HOLT, AMERICA'S GOOD FRIEND DOWN UNDER ♦ ALSO HAZELTON, SIR SHANE LESLIE, HART, BURNHAM ♦

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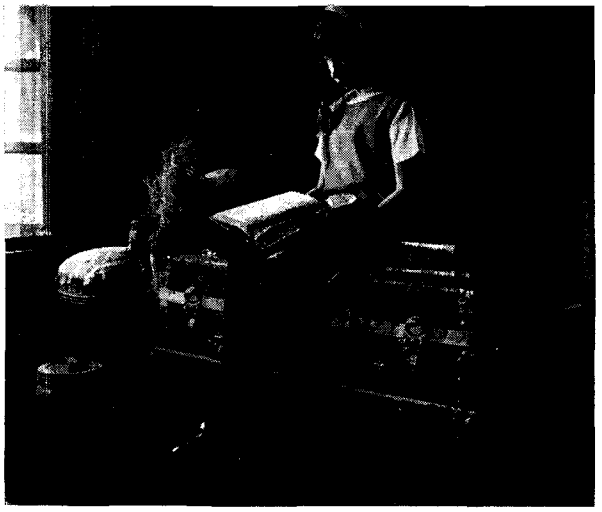

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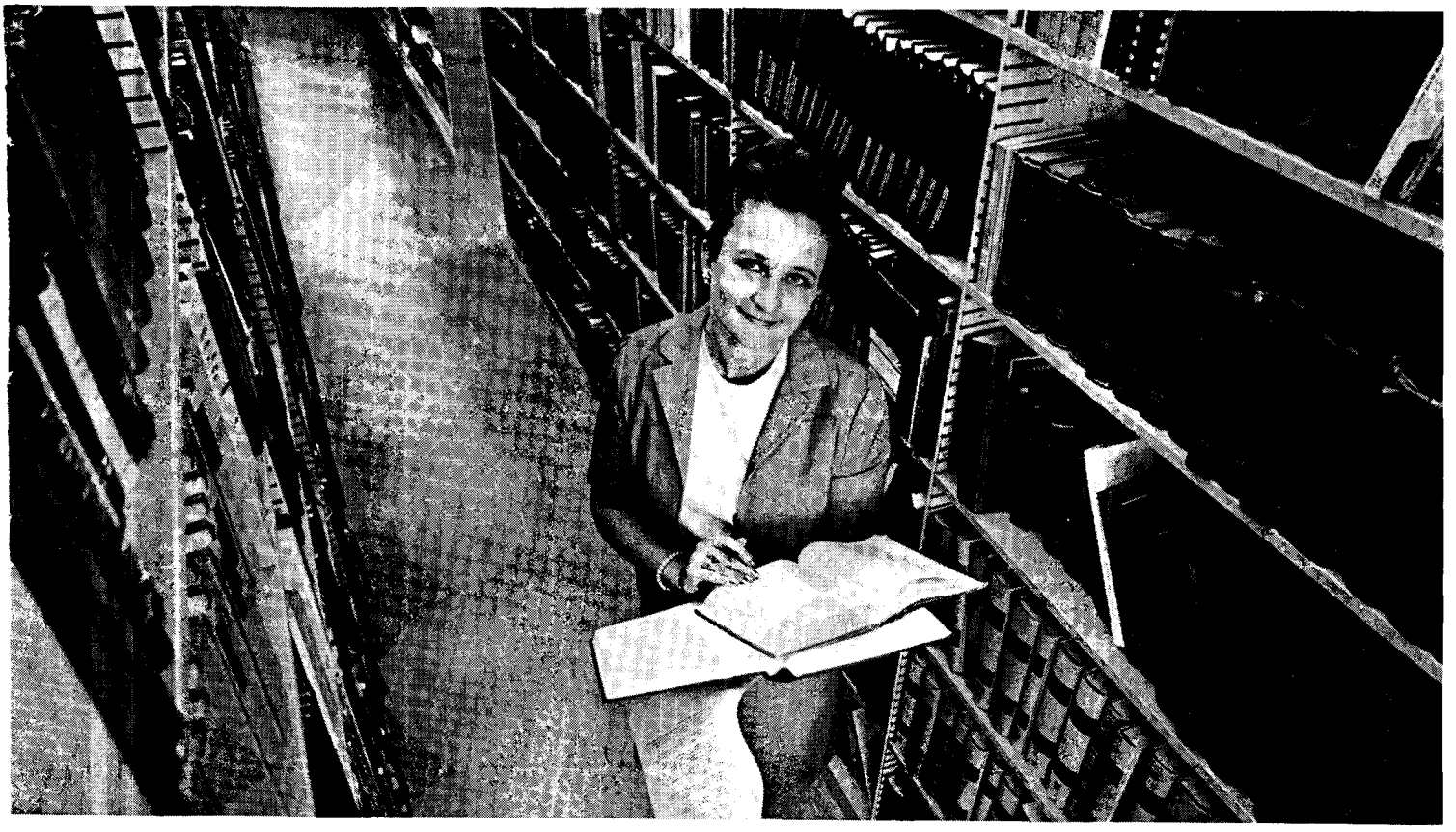

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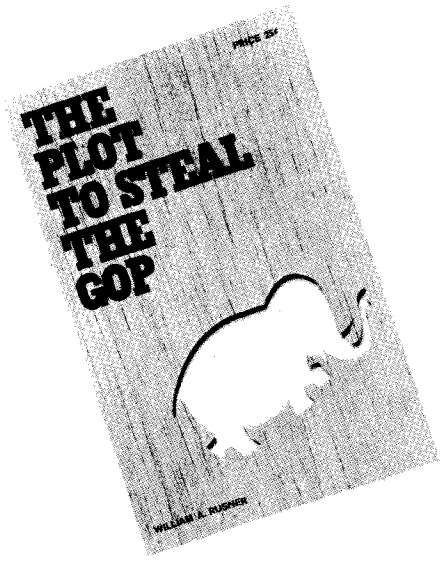

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AUGUST 23, 1966 # NATIONAL REVIEW

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ Mr. **Theodore Draper,** author and journalist, expressed his zeal for Juan Bosch and his disapproval of the landing of the Marines in the Dominican Republic a year ago, and was duly arraigned (*NR*, February 8, 1966) by Mr. J. B. Bender and Mr. Paul Bethel. Mr. Draper squawked. We publish his protest with therapeutic accompaniment in the interest of providing the Establishment with what it publicly yearns for though it so seldom engages in it. Dialogue, anyone? . . . Prof. **Will Herberg** continues his trenchant study of the "death of God" theology, here tracing out some of its roots in Western thought. In his next essay, which will conclude the series, he promises to "venture a judgment." . . . Prof. **Charles Rice** (constitutional law, Fordham) notices, with documented anguish, that the Dirksen Amendment to cancel the death-of-God decision on prayer in the schools stands little chance of success if the churches themselves refuse to come forward and do witness. Prof. Rice wrote *the* book on this subject (*The Supreme Court and Public Prayer*, Fordham, 1964). . . . A quartet of reporters encircle the world: **Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn** reflects upon the massive hostility of the Afro-Asians (considered *en masse*) towards the white (Western) man and his works, and concludes that it is the child of a massive ignorance, which the forces of Communist confusion know too well how to manipulate. . . . **Gilbert Comte,** French journalist, expert on affairs North African, writer for *Nation Française*, analyzes a significant trend in African thinking, given the demise of Washington's heroes Sukarno, Ben Bella, Nkrumah. Our State Department could learn a great deal from certain African political leaders, it seems. . . . **Michael Tatlow,** a prominent Australian journalist, introduces us to Prime Minister Harold Holt, a man who sees in Vietnam the battlements of Australia, and who supports the U.S. effort all the way, and whose upcoming election contest is therefore deeply meaningful. . . . **"Peter Crumpet"** attempts, ever so beautifully, to exorcise his love for that domineering and exquisite bawd, *España*. . . . Back home again, **David Warren Ryder** turns the clock forward to the day when the Warren Court has finally vanquished the Constitution horse, foot, and artillery. Mr. Ryder is a man of affairs, a San Franciscan, a certified Warrenographer, and one urbane cookie.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** remarks that the most recent disaster has renewed the call that has followed other disasters having to do with weapons: Let's Have Federal Control of Firearms. He argues that the logic now is no better than it was before. . . . **James Burnham** recites the litany of Moscow's involvement in the Vietnam War, asking whether this doesn't invalidate the dreams of those policy-makers who claimed that the Sino-Soviet split was 1) real, 2) pacific, and 3) advantageous to the West. . . . **Kenneth Paul Shorey** mourns the death of Gordon Craig, the titanic figure of the theater whose work Mr. Shorey, a dramatist at heart, has studied for most of his young years. Mr. Shorey, formerly a staff member of NATIONAL REVIEW and after the amanuensis for Russell Kirk, is living now in Columbia, South Carolina, and writing editorials for the *Columbia State*.

➔ Two books on a theme of terrible solemnity are the subject of Mr. **E. H. Wall**'s reviews. Did the Vatican condone the Nazi persecutions? One book, says Wall (logician, philosopher, ex-teacher), adds matter to the discussion. The other should not have been written. . . . Sir **Shane Leslie** disports himself in customary glee and grace, the subject this time being Halifax. You remember Halifax. . . . Prof. **Jeffrey Hart** pinpoints the essential heresy of Harvey Cox's *Secular City* and associated intellectual suburbs. . . . Mr. **Richard Hodgens** lives in New Jersey. This does not prevent him from disliking five recent movies. ➔

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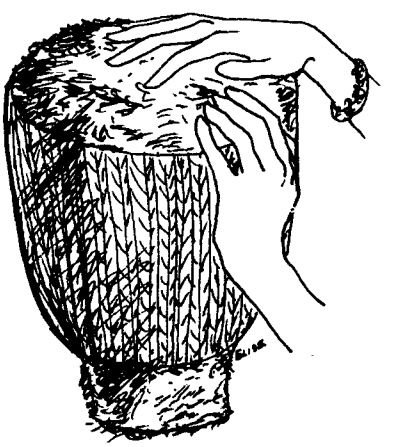

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TO THE EDITOR

"Sterilize That Woman!"

It seems, to judge from "On the Right" [July 12], that no one there has heard that narcotics addicts pass addiction along to the infant. Shouldn't this have been considered as the possible motivation of the judge in ordering sterilization or jail in the Hernandez case? When I consider the horrors of babies born with the necessity of going through a withdrawal, I wonder if narcotics addicts shouldn't be forcibly sterilized, and no choice given.

Bronx, New York DANIEL M. CANAVAN

Felicitations . . .

I wish to express my appreciation of "The Quarterlies, A Special Report," by Guy Davenport and Gordon Tullock [June 28]. It was most helpful in suggesting to me worthy articles in other journals. I hope that the idea will be one you will adopt on a permanent basis.

Decatur, Ill. WILLIAM H. BEAUMONT

I have just finished reading Charles Burton Marshall's article, "South Africa: An Unhysterical Report" [July 26]. At last, someone has given South Africa a fair shake.

Allentown, N.J. M. K. GAWENUS

After reading "The Great Liberal Death-Wish" in a hot, stuffy and crowded barracks, an encouraging thought did finally come to me: St. Paul could have, after all, been wearing sunglasses on the road to Damascus.

Tyndall AFB, *Fla.* A3C JOHN MULLEN

I am writing to express my appreciation of your associate's article on Senator Harry Flood Byrd, [July 26]. Mr. Kilpatrick's observations indicate a personal acquaintance with this man held in such high esteem by his colleagues and constituency.

Although I have not resided in my native state, Virginia, for the past 20 years, I still feel the "ties that bind"—the nostalgic awareness of those intangible qualities mentioned by Mr. Kilpatrick, "honor, integrity, right conduct," which constituted the rule where (and when) I grew up. "Virgina *is* changing." So is the traditional concept of "abiding friendship for the Negro people." And so is the "ideal of gentlemen who regard public office as a public trust." If there is melancholy—there is *cause* for it.

Cleveland, O. MRS. F. J. DUTEE

Mr. Robert Peter's article in the May 17

(Continued on p. 799)

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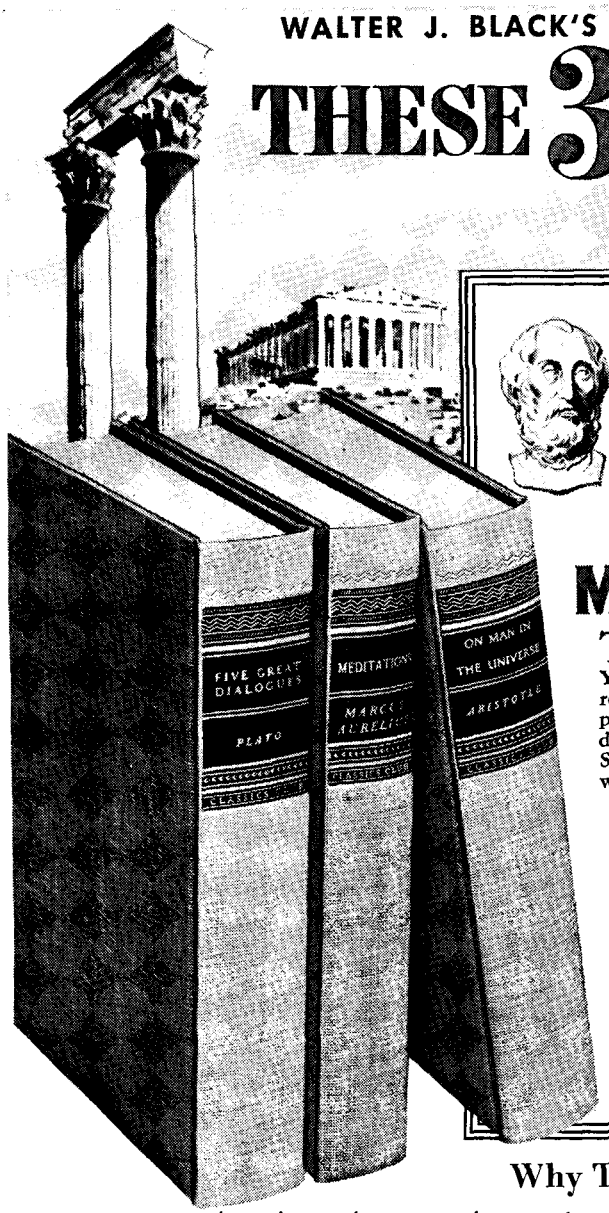

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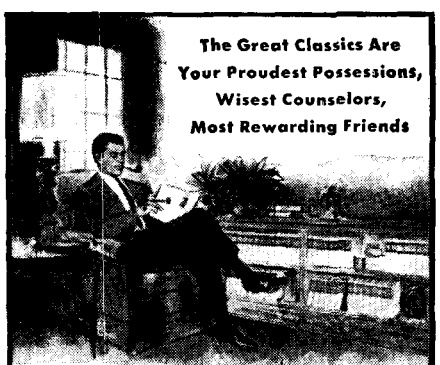

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 808)

issue ["Another Putsch in the Argentine?"] is excellent. The military coup which he predicted finally took place and I would say that 95 per cent of the Argentine people are for the new military government, which is honest, patriotic and deeply concerned with the country's political and economic problems. The U.S. State Department, with its dogmatic complex about Democracy, as usual, will be the last to recognize the new Argentine government. The last U.S. Ambassador in Buenos Aires, Edwin Martin, did everything he could to back President Illia's government, a model of inefficiency. Fortunately, the generals did not take him too seriously.

Buenos Aires ALEJANDRO SHAW JR.

The feature story, "The Negro-Jewish Confrontation" by Max Geltman in your June 28, 1966 issue is deserving of wide distribution.

Prairie Village, Kan. MRS. FORREST FENN

. . . And otherwise

Mr. Simonds' silly, peevish article ["Uplift and Dragdown" *NR* June 14, 1966] is unworthy . . . Television is one of many communications media. Documentary, live sports and light entertainment programs work well on TV. Spectacles, serious drama, ballet and concerts simply do not come across.

A documentary about Stonehenge (on commercial TV) some months back, neither bored nor offended me. I was spellbound, as any intelligent viewer would have been. In limited quantities, the live sports are great fun. And who, at the end of a long week-end, does not enjoy an hour with Perry Mason?

Madison, Wis. VICTOR M. CASSIDY

Farley Clinton's analysis of the California June Primary was very unfair to Mayor Sam Yorty.

It is not true that Yorty's vote came entirely from white people. I attended the opening of his campaign headquarters and about one-fourth of the people there were Negroes. In addition, Mayor Yorty has many Negroes on his staff and has appointed many Negroes to various commissions.

Mayor Yorty certainly did not make "race" a central issue in his campaign. He made Brown's record and the California Democratic Council the central issues of his campaign.

As far as the white people who voted for Brown go, all the white Liberals voted for him. Who else was there?

Los Angeles, Calif. LOUISE E. DOUGHERTY

Buffalo Bill

Congratulations! *National Review* will go down in publishing history as the first in Op Poetry. Bravo Johannes Eff and Buffalo Bill! A brilliant piece of tomfoolery. "Buffalo Bill Is Dying" is the silk-screened Campbell's Tomato Soup Can of modern rhyme. More, please, more. Convince us, Mr. Eff, once again that Teilhard can't make a Bircher into a Buddhist.

Godfrey, Ill. JOHN BOLAND

Croce on Welch

After you get through the window dressing in Arlene Croce's article "Is Robert Welch's Doctrine 'Christian'?" [*NR* August 9], it looks as if what she is trying to say is that, if a person's "Christian" or other beliefs are such as to prevent him from whole-heartedly joining with others in the struggle against Communism, then that person does not belong in the John Birch Society. Having read the *Blue Book* and some of Mr. Welch's other work, it seems to me that he has made that fact very clear himself, and in a more straightforward manner.

Burlington, W. Va. LEO D. PATTERSON

One point which must be realized is that there is almost no connection between being a Christian and being a "Christian."

A Christian must subscribe to some Christian doctrine. A "Christian" must only follow the spirit of Christ's teachings of humanitarianism. Which is the more essential to Americans?

I have always been a good American, a staunch conservative. Yet, I do not believe in God. Why must patriotism and atheism (in the broad sense) be mutually exclusive?

Brooklyn, N.Y. V. JOHN CANGIANO

More Rusher on the GOP

Congratulations to William A. Rusher on his "The Plot to Steal the GOP" [July 12], a fine analysis of a diminishing political party. Since I have the distinct honor of being under the voting age, I was even more interested in his comments on the National Young Republicans. I was at the Miami convention last year and can attest to much of the political chicanery that went on there.

However, I feel Mr. Rusher left out one important figure of the coming November battleground, Donald E. "Buz" Lukens. Lukens was chairman of the YRs immediately preceding Tom R. Van Sickle, and probably helped secure his subsequent election as much as any of the other delegates. Now Lukens is engaged in winning his own election, that as congressional representative from Ohio's 24th district. He won his first fight when he won the nomination without party backing or the nod of Ray Bliss.

This is the type of grass-roots action that many in the Middle West feel is the answer to a Liberal-dominated GOP.

Williamsburg, Va. THOMAS J. SHIELDS

Congratulations to Mr. Rusher on his excellent article on recent developments in the GOP. Perhaps a personal note about a person he mentions, Senator Tom Van Sickle, National President of the Young Republicans, is in order. Senator Van Sickle graduated with a Juris Doctor degree on June 6, 1966 from the Washburn University School of Law, and then took and passed the Kansas Bar Examination.

The thought came, how can the Republican Party ever hope for success when powerful individuals such as U.S. Senator Scott attempt to destroy brilliant young men like Senator (and Doctor) Tom Van Sickle?

Topeka, Kan. WILLIAM F. HARVEY

Questions

In John Campbell's article in your May 3, 1966 issue regarding Russia's space achievements he stated one of the reasons for believing the Russian space walk film to be a fake was that you could see the pilot's face through the helmet faceplate. He pointed out that due to the sun's glare the faceplate must be made in a way that would make it impossible to see the pilot's face. What I do not understand is why the Gemini spacecraft windows have no such protective covering. Surely the spacecraft at times faces the sun directly. Yet in the

(Continued on p. 855)

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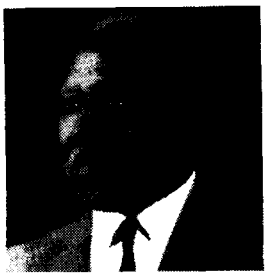

BLACK and CONSERVATIVE

The Autobiography of Negro conservative George S. Schuyler

Who said that all Negroes are poor . . . uneducated . . . "dangerous"? Who said no Negro will help himself without massive injections of federal aid from the "Great Society"? Who said there is no Negro middle class in America . . . or that there are no wealthy Negroes?

Above all, WHO SAID that Negroes — rich or poor — welcome the "pity pitch" that white Liberals have been handing out for years with cruel indifference to the fact that they are castrating Negro self-respect as they endlessly cry out, "Human rights! Human rights!"

BLACK AND CONSERVATIVE IS A SELECTION OF THE CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

"The welfare of Negroes is primarily the responsibility of Negroes."—George S. Schuyler

George S. Schuyler, successful journalist and the author of BLACK AND CONSERVATIVE, is the embodiment of a large and important segment of middle-class America: the successful, comfortable American Negro family. His new book presses hard for an answer to this: *"Why has the Liberal press rendered millions of successful Negroes completely invisible?* Why have the networks failed to acknowledge *this* part of our Negro population? People who want no government handouts . . . need no charity. Negro people who, without sit-ins and marches and bloody riots, have long ago shown that they can be as 'equal' as anybody."

Though BLACK AND CONSERVATIVE is autobiographical, its importance lies well beyond the fact that it is the engaging life story of a courageous newspaperman with an unpopular cause. Schuyler's experiences over the last four decades — first in the Socialist movement and then (as the folly of this cause revealed itself) as an ardent conservative and anti-Communist — are filled with important data that no American should be without.

He takes us back to the early days of the Socialist movement in America, and to the spreading infection of Communist thought in education and government during the 30's. But he *also* reveals the ways in which energetic Negroes have long been able to rise and flourish in "whitey's" world — without handouts. As a newspaper man, he is wonderfully adept at bringing to life key moments . . . key events . . . and key *people*, both on the left and right, who helped set the stage for today's world. You get important insights into men like Harry Bridges . . . Roy Wilkins . . . Louis Budenz . . . Ralph Bunche . . . John Chamberlain . . . Victor Lasky . . . Eugene Lyons . . . Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. . . . Norman Thomas . . . and many others.

The Negro Revolution

On this anguished issue, George Schuyler's is a voice of sanity. No Uncle Tom, he refuses to blink away the burdens of discrimination; and his words carry weight because he speaks without bitterness . . . because he is anxious to *defend* American society, not tear it down.

Schuyler heaps scorn on professional agitators, whom he labels self-serving, with a "vested interest in disaster". He charges that the Negro Revolution is inspired by Communists and other collectivists, backed by a horde of Liberal apologists.

Above all, he pleads for patience, doesn't look for "instant perfection", maintains that America is dealing with its racial problems far more generously than any other nation. In a telling point, Schuyler cites the "revolution of rising expectations" as proof that American Negroes have not only been making rapid strides for decades; they *know* it. And that is precisely why they have expectations that Negroes elsewhere wouldn't dream of.

Hundreds of Vitally Important HARD FACTS Fill This Revealing Book:

- **Why the Negro Press began swallowing the Communist line as far back as the 30's.**
- **Communist fronts aimed at Negroes in the Red Decade.**
- **The role of Robert C. Weaver, now LBJ's man in HUD.**
- **The deliberate myths attached to overcrowding in Harlem . . . and the myths about universal Negro self-hatred.**
- **How Socialist clothing unions preached brotherhood—and barred Negroes.**
- **Schuyler blows the whistle on W.E.B. DuBois.**
- **The origin of the slogan, "We shall overcome".**
- **Surprising facts about the mixed feelings of Negroes on miscegenation.**

Risk-Free Examination

Sound like a refreshing book? Indeed it is, and heartening. George Schuyler is living proof that a Negro need not feel alienated in his native land. If his voice is a lonely one today, this book will tell other responsible Negroes that they are not alone — and remind whites that they must reach out to men like George Schuyler.

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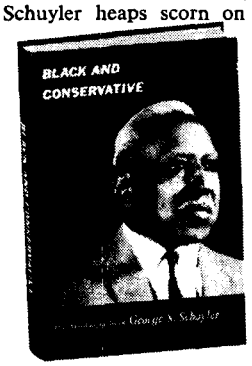

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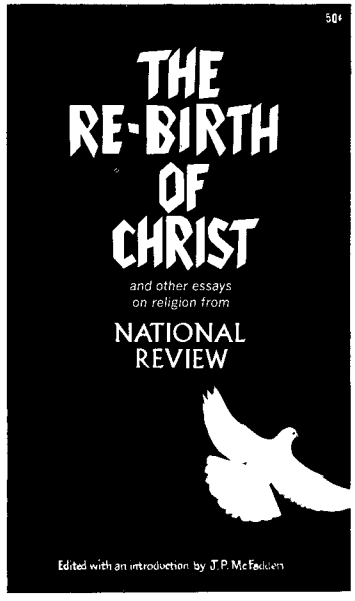

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THIS revealing book tells you what you ought to know about one of the most vital issues of our time: the revolutionary changes sweeping the world of religion. You will talk about it, quote from it, and recommend it to your friends many times in the months ahead.

Here collected for the first time in 160 fast-moving pages, you have a straightforward and fact-filled account of much that puzzles conservatives today:

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The WEEK

● Ting-a-ling. "Is this Senator Williams' office? You're the senator's administrative assistant? Fine. Well, maybe you could help us. I'm calling for Governor Pat Brown. The governor would very much appreciate it if the senator could visit California sometime this fall and make a campaign speech for him. Perhaps the senator could schedule another hearing of the Labor and Welfare Subcommittee that looked into the farm problem here some months back. That would take care of his expenses. You'll ask the senator? Thank you." (Two days later). Ting-a-ling. "Is this Mr. Jones? Mr. Jones, I'm Senator Williams' A.A. We talked a couple of days ago. The senator asked me to tell you that he'd be delighted to visit California. No. He's not going to schedule any hearings. He'll pay his own way. Oh yes, and he asked me to tell you that the subject of his talk will be 'Honesty in Government.'" Thus did Governor Brown's aide discover that he had been talking to the office of Republican Senator John Williams of Delaware, the great apostle of honesty in government, not Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey, the Democrat.

● There is an unmistakable and wholly unexpected buoyancy about conservative Republicanism these days. First there was Ronald Reagan's smashing victory over George Christopher in the California gubernatorial primary. Then, in a swirl of primary battles, Idaho's gung-ho Liberal Republican Governor Robert Smylie was trounced for renomination by conservative State Senator Donald Samuelson; Liberal Republican Congressman Robert Ellsworth tried and failed to take the Kansas senatorial nomination away from conservative incumbent James Pearson; and Congressman Durward ("Doc") Hall of Missouri, one of Capitol Hill's doughtiest conservatives, easily turned back a renomination challenge. Perhaps equally significant: in a little-noticed city election in Savannah, Georgia, Republicans captured the mayoralty and made a clean sweep of the City Council. On the ash-heap along with Robert Smylie, incidentally, went the plans of his Liberal YR protégé, Hope Kading, to become next year the first female chairman of the Young Republicans. Likely Liberal substitute candidate: Ohio YR chairman Jim Betts.

● First it was *Human Events* with a rumor that F. Clifton White, master builder of the Goldwater preconvention campaign, was going to work for Romney's 1968 nomination drive. False—as *NR* (July 26) pointed out, White "is staying loose for the present." Now, however, the other side is scared. The *Forum*, newsletter of the Liberal Republican Ripon Society, hints that White is really working for *Reagan*. Well, that's false too. White is, repeat, staying loose.

● The Policemen's Benevolent Association and the Conservative Party of New York have filed their petitions to have a referendum on the question of the police review board, and now the controversy moves into the courts. The most fascinating aspect of the case is that the opposition, composed of Mayor Lindsay, the Liberal Party, CORE, NAACP, and the American Civil Liberties Union, has argued itself into a classically conservative position. New England town democracy can no longer be practiced, they say; "direct democracy" or "pure democracy" is obsolete or impractical; such questions should not be put to the voters, etc., etc. Those, that is, who have noisily advertised the Right of the People to Rule are now at the point of saying that the municipal mobs are unfit to govern themselves.

● The latest installment in the effort to free convicted Soviet spy Morton Sobell was the recent announcement that two atomic scientists will soon testify that key evidence used to convict Julius and Ethel Rosenberg—a sketch of The Bomb's innards—was "completely false." The charge is that the government knowingly provided false evidence to authenticate the testimony of David Greenglass, a confessed spy who was the chief government witness in the 1951 trial of the Rosenbergs and Sobell, in the form of: a) the false sketch, and b) an FBI-forged hotel registration in the name of Harry Gold, another government witness who transmitted atomic secrets from Greenglass to Rosenberg. But Sobell, unlike the Rosenbergs who were put to death, was sentenced to 30 years for betraying *non*-atomic secrets, and neither charge applies directly to his case. They do, however, have the appearance of casting general doubt on Greenglass' testimony and the fairness of the 1951 trial, doubt that should be resolved.

● *Barron's* Magazine points out (July 18) that the tenth anniversary of Nasser's *Anschluss* of the Suez Canal is no occasion for such craven congratulations as have been expressed by the *Economist*, the *London Sunday Times*, the French Shipowners Association, and *Time*. Far from managing the Canal well, Nasser has placed its future in jeopardy. Where it had been the policy of the old Suez Company to reduce tolls (down two-thirds in a century, down 6 per cent in 1951, 7 per cent in 1954), Nasser has been raising them (1 per cent in 1964, 1965, 1966). Im-

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provements up to now have followed the prophetic blueprints of old Canal Company engineers. Belatedly Nasser is turning to Egyptian drawing boards for answers to oil company requests for major improvements—to handle the new super-tankers (120,000 tons). Meanwhile Japan has laid keels for six 276,000-ton tankers. They will ignore the Canal utterly, steaming serenely around the Cape of Good Hope.

● In January, Ibo army officers from the south overturned the civilian government of Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa of Nigeria. In May, Hausa army officers from the north mutinied, capturing (and presumably killing) General Ironsi, the Ibo leader, and taking over the country. But whether Nigeria will remain one country for long is unknown. The tribal and regional stresses and strains that touched off the two mutinies have grown worse, not better. It was against General Ironsi's attempts to build a strong unitary government that the Hausas revolted; will they, can they, or are they even disposed to resist secessionist pressures from both the east and the south? The unrest of recent weeks is probably just a waystation to the dismemberment of what was potentially the strongest and wealthiest of the new states of sub-Sahara Africa.

● A 500-member unit of the Jewish War Veterans in Brooklyn, N.Y., has "adopted" a company of U.S. fighting men in Vietnam and is sending over thousands of pounds of books, magazines, food and tape recordings from home each month. Said Stanley Glantz, the unit's commander: "The Jewish War Veterans wholeheartedly support the Administration's policy in Vietnam. But no matter what a person's personal feelings are with regard to our commitment, the boys fighting there are American boys and it is the duty of every American to maintain their high morale."

● The pound sterling continues to teeter on the brink of collapse. The day after Prime Minister Wilson announced his emergency program of tight money and price stability, his own egg marketing board raised the price of eggs. Frank Cousins, who resigned his cabinet post to return to the general secretariat of the 1.4-million-man Transport and General Workers Union, denounced Wilson's scheme for a wage freeze. Three days after announcing that the freeze would be voluntary, Wilson ordered his Department of Economic Affairs to draw up a bill to make it compulsory. Uncertainty will drag on while that bill is in the borning and while the world unravels the declarations of President Johnson and Mr. Wilson following their meeting in Washington. The most worrisome indication of all, however, is that even in the wake of the most severe deflationary measures proclaimed since 1940, the pound sterling required the support of Washington and London central bank purchases.

● The Reading Reform Foundation, whose commitment to the phonics method of reading instruction has Dick and Jane on the run, held its Fifth Anniversary Conference at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City August 4. California State Superintendent of Public Instruction and principal speaker Dr. Max Rafferty sparklingly ticked off Look-See ("the fraud of the century") and related idiocies. "Familiarity with our cultural heritage does not rise spontaneously and inevitably out of the permissive Pollyannaish 'life adjustment' approach to instruction," declared Dr. Rafferty. "The progressive education system . . . . has tended to perpetuate infantilism, to encourage superficiality, and to discourage any attempt at real scholarship." Those who favor a return to sanity in the nation's classrooms will find the Foundation at 36 West 44th St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

● An Advisory Council on Public Welfare has come out for a guaranteed minimum wage for all Americans plus social services as an inborn right, which Congressman James Battin (R., Mont.), in his July 8 newsletter, calls "instant retirement" for everyone. The National Republican Congressional Committee's newsletter of June 29 attacked the guaranteed annual wage, citing a recent article by Ernest Conine in the *Los Angeles Times*. Similar ideas of a dozen economists were discussed in a roundup book review in NATIONAL REVIEW (April 19, page 373). Now the July issue of the *Freeman* carries a brilliant essay by Mr. Henry Hazlitt on the whole topic, and the fat's in the fire. For Mr. Hazlitt, a pillar of free-market wisdom, rightly tags Prof. Milton Friedman, another pillar, with the responsibility for giving the greatest recent boost to the idea of a guaranteed annual income (*cf.* Friedman, *Capitalism and Freedom*, 1962). A lot of people think Friedman was tongue-in-cheek, hoping to smoke the Liberals out into the open where they'd have to admit they don't think the poor folk have enough sense to spend real money properly, and therefore they have to be given services in lieu of cash. Friedman hasn't offered any reply, at least on the Machiavellian level. Now Hazlitt has demolished Friedman on every level *but* the Machiavellian. We have not heard the last from the guaranteed income, nor, we hope, from Mr. Goldwater's chief economic theorist of 1964, the illustrious Prof. Friedman to whom, herewith, an open invitation.

● Stockholm was worked up recently over the noisy and bitter trial of a nineteen-year-old gypsy girl haled into court because she would *uot* prostitute

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ On three separate occasions, Liberal Republicans provided the margin of victory in the House for the "open housing" section of the Administration's civil rights bill. By a vote of 200 to 180, the House voted to bring the civil rights bill to the floor for debate without the customary hearings in the Rules Committee; twenty Republicans (two from California, two from the Midwest, sixteen from the East) gave the Administration its victory margin. Then Rep. Charles McC. Mathias, a Liberal Republican from Maryland, offered an amendment removing most individually owned homes from the anti-discrimination provisions of the bill. Since this exemption was considered necessary if the entire "open housing" section was to pass, its supporters voted for the exemption and won by one vote, 180 to 179. Again twenty Republicans helped save "open housing" by voting for the compromise. Then, by a vote of 198 to 179, the House defeated a motion to strike the entire "open housing" section from the civil rights bill. Twenty-six Republicans gave the Administration its third winning margin.

◆ In the name of consumer protection, Congress is about to pass two bills which would extend the Federal Government into vast new areas of the economy. Who, indeed, can be against "auto safety" and "truth in packaging"? Very few in the Senate, where both those attractively but misleadingly labeled bills passed by lopsided margins. The vote on "auto safety," in fact, was unanimous (76-0), despite private misgivings on the part of many senators, and despite the fact that the public hasn't bought the Administration's pitch. (Recent polls reveal that the great majority of the public still insists, quite logically, that the driver—not the car—is the culprit in most accidents and deaths.) The Senate version of "auto safety" would give agents of the Secretary of Commerce access to manufacturers' books, papers, records and documents, and would create a federal dossier on all citizens who have been denied even a temporary license by a state or local government. "Safety" regulations would extend to all new vehicles not already under the control of Washington. The version approved by the House Commerce Committee narrows the government's right to investigate industry records, but was so hastily and carelessly put together as to create countless new problems. *Item:* section 117(B) stipulates that wilful violators of present auto safety laws may be criminally punished now, but not after the new bill goes into effect. *Item:* the bill's timetable gives car manufacturers only six months to make the necessary design changes, when the normal timetable for such changes would be up to two years. *Item:* by requiring the Secretary of Commerce to issue safety standards for used cars as well as new cars, dealers are left confused. Will they be required to add hundreds of dollars worth of the new safety equipment to each used car before reselling it?

◆ The "truth in packaging" bill covers nearly all food, drug and other packaged household supplies that are ordinarily sold in supermarkets, and brings under federal regulation therefore some 8,000 packaged items for which consumers annually pay $63 billion, or more than one-fourth of their income. It would give the Food and Drug Administration and the Federal Trade Commission vast powers over the labeling of containers. There would be regulations about descriptions of the weight or volume of the contents, regulations over what constitutes a "serving," regulations banning or limiting "cents-off" designations, and regulations defining what constitutes "small," "large," and "family" sizes. Finally, the FDA and FTC could limit the number of sizes in which a product is packaged. This despite 296 existing federal programs to help the consumer. If the present laws were enforced there would be no need for a new one.

◆ There's more, much more, in the works. The National Commission on Food Marketing, established by Congress in 1964, has some ideas on how to keep the consumer happy. It would limit the size of the companies in any branch of the food industry, to assure that none of these concerns be permitted "to increase its market share or to extend its market geographically by merger or acquisition." The totalitarian instincts behind the Commission's recommendations can be seen in its complaint that "impulse buying is common. For some, novelty is an end in itself. Children make a number of purchasing decisions." This is true, but what business has the government in telling a housewife how to shop or what to shop for?

—CATO

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herself. A metal worker accosted the girl, Karolina Bessik, at an open-air dance and agreed with her on a price of $20 for "telling his fortune." Karolina pocketed the cash, told his fortune, and went on her way—not keeping a rendezvous later on which her client strongly believed was included in the deal. He went to the law and claimed that he had been cheated —hadn't she broken a contract with him? The court agreed (despite protests of a courtroom packed with angry gypsies) and fined Karolina a total of $260. The Swedish press, friends of justice, remarked that the sentence was *extremely* mild.

● "And thus goes a typical day in Summertime Fun City," declared New York's Mayor John Lindsay. Highlights of the occasion (the dedication of the new Fountain Cafe in Central Park): 1) a champagne rowboat ride with lovelies Sharman Douglas, Bess Myerson, et al.; 2) the frolicsome splashing of a boatload of pursuing newspaper reporters; 3) the boarding, with Park Commissioner Thomas Hoving, of a small island in the lake. Striking a mock-heroic pose with an oar, the Mayor claimed the island for the City of New York. Earlier it was disclosed that the Lindsay administration had forgotten to claim ap-

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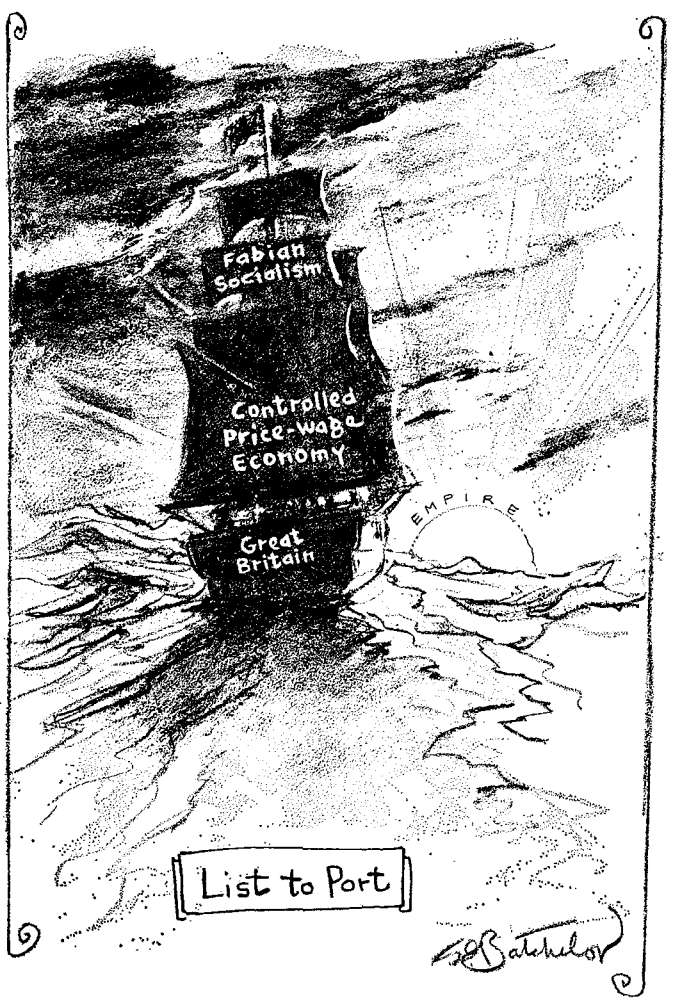
proximately $10 million in federal antipoverty funds for the City of New York, money earmarked for Project Head Start and for a network of Community Progress Centers. Oh well, the funds will be "reallocated to this year's program," explained the Mayor. Not so, said the Office of Economic Opportunity: the funds will revert to Washington. Whereupon the Mayor, who is nothing if not flexible, turned on the "chaotic" antipoverty program he had inherited from Robert Wagner: "one of the worst in the nation," "a terrible mess," "perfectly dreadful." He went on to accuse OEO Director Sargent Shriver of reneging on $500,000 of the $10 million for fear that Congress would find out that some of the proposed Head Start sites were on church grounds. Mr. Shriver's indignant denial that he was afraid of Congress was dismissed as "fudging" by a Lindsay aide. Earlier the same (typical) week in Summertime Fun City, the City Planning Commission scored the Lindsay team's "gross inefficiency." Mr. Lindsay, at a private screening of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, stated that the picture put him in mind of a City Planning Commission meeting. Two days later the 20-man City Council voted itself a total raise of $126,000 a year.

● Dr. S. Dillon Ripley of the Smithsonian is an ornithologist with a mission, and that is to clear up all this Hawk-Dove talk. "True hawks," Dr. Ripley points out (talking of the feathered variety), "are sensible, full of wisdom and not ferocious." Doves, on the other hand, "are cruel and insensate and far more blood-thirsty." This is one issue about which Dr. Ripley waxes dove-like.



● Waukegan's second most famous citizen couldn't stay out of the act. On the day of The Wedding he sent Patrick Nugent a congratulatory telegram which concluded: "They tell me this wire is not deductible, so please speak to your father-in-law. [Signed] An Anxious Jack Benny." But even Jack Benny, who has seldom been upstaged in any of his 39 years, had met his match. It was Patrick Nugent's and Luci Baines Johnson's day and Americans as a whole joined the President and Mrs. Johnson in wishing the young couple the very best of everything; as do we.

How It Looks from Saigon

Continuing his global campaign for the 1968 nomination, Richard Nixon spent three recent days in South Vietnam, which he has visited periodically during the past several years. His press conference on leaving 'August 7' had a special interest since it reflected extensive briefings from our local military commanders, and undoubtedly expressed, by and large, their current opinions—or, at any rate, those of their current opinions that they wished, by using Mr. Nixon as their proxy, to make public.

The main propositions, as Mr. Nixon stated them, are as follows: 1) "There is no reasonable possibility for a negotiated settlement [and] further discussion of a negotiated settlement delays the end of the war by simply encouraging the enemy that we are begging for peace." 2) There should be "a substantial increase in the Americans available on the ground" to a total—so Mr. Nixon indirectly suggested—of about 500,000. 3) There should also be "a substantial increase in the air capability." 4) The range of targets in North Vietnam should be widened. "We should not be inhibited by the fiction that targets in the Hanoi area should not be hit." Even air strikes on the Red River irrigation dikes are "a gray area" that should not be ruled out. However, a blockade of Haiphong and air strikes against its docks should be excluded because of the danger of hitting foreign shipping and thus perhaps bringing other countries into the war. 5) A big buildup of American power along these lines will reduce casualties, and can finish the war in two or three years; without further buildup, the war may go on, as Premier Ky predicted, for ten or twenty years. "The more power we have concentrated, the sooner this war can be brought to a conclusion."

Granted that last principle—which has always been

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a guiding axiom of American strategy—it is hard to understand why Mr. Nixon's proposals did not go considerably further toward freeing our forces in the field from the qualitative and quantitative restrictions that Washington has imposed. He and the military commanders no doubt believed that he was dishing out as stiff a dose as the citizens back home could take in one gulp.

Anxious Interlude

Everyone knows by now that the Administration's attempt to rule the economy through "guideposts" for prices and wages has fallen flat. *Barron's* greeted the end of dirigisme-by-cajolerie with unfeigned jubilation at the collapse of guideposts "which had outlived their uselessness." But the time for celebration is not yet here. We are, rather, in the calm between storms.

The President told his news conference that the Council of Economic Advisers had, in effect, gone back to the drawing board to see if it couldn't sketch out some substitute for the feckless guideposts. The President has asked his Labor-Management Advisory Committee to come up with its own suggestions for an alternative to the guideposts, and that Committee may very well have done its work by the time it rises from its scheduled August 18 session. The Secretary of Commerce has suggested an industry-by-industry calculation of the acceptability of wage increases. Senator Long of Louisiana says "it may be we need to have price, wage and credit controls now." Clearly we are not out of the woods.

Reagan Campaign Purring

So far as usual indications can be trusted, there aren't many candidates in the whole fifty states more likely to win than Ronald Reagan. Panic is spreading among California Liberals, who are trying to portray Reagan as a fanatic, an extremist, a Nazi—God knows what, on the grounds that all is fair against a known conservative. Reagan has consistently refused to play the role that partisans of Democratic incumbent Pat Brown are desperately trying to force him to play.

When Reagan conferred with Richard C. Cornuelle, executive vice president for program development of the National Association of Manufacturers, the version given to the press by one of Brown's backers was nothing if not exciting. It was "a secret huddle," with armed guards patrolling the site to "keep off intruders." It was "one of the nation's most reactionary big business organizations . . . plotting with Reagan for an extremist take-over in California this year, and an extremist drive for the Presidency two years hence." Through Cornuelle, the NAM pledged coast-to-coast financial support for the Reagan campaign. Wow-ee!

It was not "secret," only a private meeting, Reagan said patiently. "If Mr. Pitts had come up from behind his tree, he would have been welcomed." He would also have learned a few things. There were no guards. There was no talk of the Presidency; that is "utterly ridiculous," Reagan insists. As for the story of coast-to-coast financial support from the NAM, that "cannot be described as inaccurate—it is a lie."

It is possible that these smears—a favorite tactic of Brown's; what his supporters did to George Christopher during the primary led to a libel suit—are actually helping Reagan more than hurting him. Brown's own contributions are so heavy-handed and ridiculous that Reagan quotes them in his own speeches to discredit the governor. Brown says, for example, that conservatives are "the shock troops of bigotry, echoes of Nazi Germany, echoes of another hate binge that began more than 30 years ago in a Munich beer hall." Reagan comments: "Extreme phraseology from one who professes to deplore extremism."

All Reagan has had to do is to keep calm, reasonable, and dignified, and to keep hitting away at the governor, not with slanders, but with a straightforward appeal to widespread unhappiness about Brown's performance. It seems to have paid off. California polls generally gave Reagan 53 per cent, Brown 33 per cent of the vote at the end of June. As of August 1, the *San Francisco Examiner* quotes an informal poll that gives Reagan 64 per cent—repeat, sixty-four—and Brown twenty-seven. These figures seem doubtful to everybody. But the hamburger poll,

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The Bright Side

Unfortunately, Mr. Smylie's defeat was also a victory for die-hard Goldwaterites who were well organized in Idaho . . . —New York Times

The lawn is a wreck,
  And so is the garden.
Undoubtedly Speck
  Will wangle a pardon.
The market is sick
  And gonna get sicker.
(I'm failing to click
  With candy *and* liquor.)
The servants don't *serve:*
  The kids simply sap me . . .
How nice to observe
  The *Times* is unhappy!

W. H. von Dreele

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as it's called, was the only one in the state that predicted the immense anti-Brown protest vote that Sam Yorty got in the Democratic primary, a real groundswell of opinion that completely escaped the more professional observers. It is likely that the hamburger poll had a pretty strong anti-Brown sentiment to start out with—but then, so did California Democrats, as the primary showed—and it is striking that even in this group, Brown is losing what strength he had, while Reagan is gaining constantly. In all likelihood, the more exposure Reagan gets, the better he is going to do. He may be headed toward the biggest landslide in California history.

The GOP and the UN

The GOP's Republican Coordinating Committee deplores, of all things, the neglect of the United Nations under the Johnson Administration. Even at the UN, it is said, laughter rocked the walls. No one can be more inured to demagogy than the UN. That the GOP's statement should actually provoke mirth suggests its very special silliness.

It isn't that UN members are suddenly taking themselves less seriously—that is not likely to happen in that sanctuary of self-importance. It is that the specific recommendations of the Republican Coordinating Committee were either ridiculously idealistic, or dismayingly tautologous. It was as if the GOP had issued a pronouncement recommending an amalgamation in the Near East, the new state of Israbia; or as if it had called, with much drumrolling, for the peaceful solution of world problems. "The Republicans' call for an effort to settle financing problems," reported the *New York Times,* "moved to laughter the delegates who were asked about it. At the moment, a committee of experts from fourteen nations seems hopelessly deadlocked in its efforts merely to agree on recommendations to the General Assembly, much less solve the financial problems . . . Republican Party proposals for overhauling the United Nations were viewed by most sources here today as simple partisan politics . . . The most general response here was that the Republican statement showed a lack of understanding of the current situation."

You can say that again.

The current situation, of course, is divided in two parts. In the East there is Vietnam. In the West there is de Gaulle.

The reason why Lyndon Johnson has not dealt with Vietnam via the United Nations is that Vietnam is too important a matter to consign to a) the babbling ministates of the UN to deal with, and b) the major presences in the UN are already committed: the Soviet Union is against us; England is, more or less neutrally, for us; France is, more or less neutrally, against us. So what is left for the UN to contribute? The views on the subject of Alex Quaison-Sackey?

By the same token, the reason why the UN is not being consulted about the great changes going on in Europe is that Charles de Gaulle has always had a crowning contempt for *"les soi-disant Nations Unies,"* and it would no more occur to de Gaulle to consult U Thant about his mission to Moscow, or for that matter for Moscow to consult U Thant about de Gaulle's mission to Moscow, than it would occur to either one of them to consult Walt Disney.

Apart from the inherent powerlessness of the UN, which issues from a mechanical dilemma (the UN is less powerful than its constituent members), and a spiritual dilemma (the UN seeks to serve goals some of its constituent members do not seek to serve), the UN becomes every day more ridiculous. Last year the Maldive Islands made it all the way to membership status with a population of 97,000, which is larger than Stamford, Connecticut, but considerably smaller than Peoria, Illinois, and in a year or two up will come the seven politically troublesome tinies carved out of old British sheikdoms along the Persian Gulf (combined pop. 86,000). And then after that, who knows? Every atoll with a post office will demand *its* vote (exactly equal, by the way, to that of France, Britain, the U.S., the USSR). Some are muttering that the UN will lose its political effectiveness. We are muttering that at least the UN has a problem its own size.

"I've got a secret."

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The Republican Coordinating Committee is composed of important Republican governors, congressional officials, state legislators and national committee members whose duty it is to fuel the party with viable disagreements with Democrats. It seems truly reactionary of the Coordinating Committee to reach back to the idealistic vaticinations of the 1940s about world government being ushered in by a triumphant United Nations. It sometimes seems true that the GOP has a hard time learning from experience.

How the Wind Blows

The 8-7 procedural decision of the World Court, throwing out the case brought by Ethiopia and Liberia against South Africa on the South West Africa question, came as a staggering and wholly unexpected blow to the African bloc. Their agent before the Court—Mr. Ernest Gross, former U.S. ambassador to the UN—had promised victory, and he was given a rough reception by African delegates when he showed up at UN Plaza. (The swing in the Court had apparently come about through the action of its president, Sir Percy Spender of Australia, in pursuading the "pro-Africa" Sir Zafrullah Khan of Pakistan to disqualify himself as having had a previous relation to the case, and the secret decision of Poland to instruct Bohdan Winiarski to vote "pro-Pretoria" in order to avoid what might be an embarrassing precedent if the question of the annexed German provinces were ever adjudicated.)

It should not be supposed, however, that the African bloc, or the Communist nations that are egging them on, will be stopped by the Court's ruling. Their objective is the destruction of white rule in southern Africa—above all in its key fortress, South Africa. The South West Africa case was brought before the Court only because this seemed to be the surest and easiest road toward the objective. That being at least temporarily shut off, plans have already been drawn up for an alternative route.

The African UN delegates have authorized their steering committee—Algeria, Ethiopia, Congo (Kinshasa), Ghana, Guinea, Liberia, Tanzania, UAR—to request a special session of the General Assembly for the week preceding the opening of the regular session on Sept. 20. At the special session if it is held, or at the regular session otherwise, a motion will be made, and will presumably pass, to set up a commission instructed to order South Africa to "comply with the mandate" by ending apartheid in South West Africa. South Africa will either reject or ignore this demand. The African bloc will then either propose that the Security Council act to compel South African compliance or begin a new proceeding in the World Court.

In the latter case, the Africans want the United States to initiate the Court action. The minority opinion of the U.S. judge, Philip Jessup, and the subsequent State Department statement prove that the U.S. is "pro-Africa." The fact that the U.S.—unlike the first petitioners, Ethiopia and Liberia—was one of the victorious allies in the First World War, the settlement of which brought about the South West Africa mandate, would seem to cover the procedural point about having "legal standing" to bring the case to the Court. But in any event, by next year scheduled replacements of World Court members will guarantee, next round, a "pro-Africa" majority.

A Dialogue

The *New York Times* (July 31, 1966): "Official after official in the cities that have been torn by riots . . . [has] seen the glimmerings of a conspiracy, the workings of well-organized outside agitators. Some have raised the cry of 'extremists' and others of 'Communists.' If there is any real evidence of a conspiracy behind the riots, however, it remains hidden from most close observers of the outbreaks. Six *New York Times* reporters who have witnessed one or more riots around the country were of the unanimous opinion last week that, as one put it, 'all the racial explosions observed during the last two years seem to have been spontaneous. The agitators always flock to the scene immediately afterward.' . . . As one *Times* reporter said: 'It's typical of local officials to blame outside agitators when the messy situation blows up in their faces.'"

From a special report of Cuyahoga County (Cleveland) Grand Jury investigating Hough riots (released August 9, 1966): "[The racial violence in Cleveland was] organized and exploited by trained and disciplined professionals at this business [aided by] misguided people, many of whom are avowed believers in violence and extremism, and some of whom also are either members or officers in the Communist Party. . . . It is no casual happenstance or coincidence that those throwing firebombs, or bricks, or bottles, or pillaging or generally engaged in disorder and lawlessness were in the main young people obviously assigned, trained and disciplined in the roles they were to play in the pattern of these . . . outbreaks. . . . Nor, by the same token, is it happenstance, or even just singular coincidence: that the over-all pattern for firebombing and destruction . . . was so highly selective; that the targets were plainly agreed upon; that certain places were identified to be hit, and that certain other places were similarly spared. . . ."

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ON THE RIGHT

Stampede

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Once again, the emotional inertia of a grave tragedy is impelling many people toward logically unrelated action. The assassination of Mr. Kennedy, the acquittal of Beckwith, the attempted assassination of James Meredith, and now the killing in Austin, each resulted in calls—they were for the most part cries of the heart—for instant federal action of one sort or another, designed to prevent such ghastly occurrences. Charles Whitman, unstrung, climbed the tower of the University of Texas with a medium-sized arsenal and proceeded to do his best to decimate the population of the University of Texas. Whereupon President Johnson and Senator Dodd renewed their pleas for a federal measure designed to control the sale and distribution of firearms, and it is left to the imagination, preferably romantic, how such a control measure might have aborted the carnage in Austin.

Buckley

Indeed, the question was asked directly of Senator Dodd, who replied that the mere act of self-exposure—the federal bill would require the positive identification of each purchaser of a firearm—might have drained Whitman's homicidal mania. Senator Dodd cannot be proved wrong—or right: since it could be maintained that any pressure at all might have stayed Whitman's murderous hand, though it could as reasonably be maintained that any pressure at all might have precipitated his homicidal spree. The fact of the matter is that Whitman turned mad, whether because of the pressure of the tumor discovered posthumously in his brain not even the doctors are prepared to say. It is no more the tradition of a free flow of firearms in the United States that is responsible for the massacre, than it is the profession of psychiatry because Whitman did in fact report to the University's psychiatrist last winter that he sometimes became so angry at the human race that he felt like getting up on the tower of the University and mowing down everyone in sight. Should the psychiatrist be blamed for not detaining Whitman? About as much as the gun-dealer for selling him a rifle; or the importers who sold the fateful Italian rifle to Oswald; or the Secret Service, for not having the forethought to pull in Oswald before the motorcade went on its fateful way; or the jury system, for not having come up with citizens who would find Beckwith guilty. . . .

Surely the principal argument against Senator Dodd's firearms bill is that unless we adopt a measure infinitely more rigid than his, we will not make firearms sufficiently inaccessible to potential killers to prevent them from going their heinous ways.

What does the bill actually propose? That concealable firearms be banned from interstate mails. Now what, pray, does that accomplish, except to require a Whitman to purchase his pistols locally? Or to pick them up (as Whitman in fact did) in the course of his travels?

The bill calls for regulating the sale of sporting rifles and shotguns through an affidavit provision, to what effect one can only wonder inasmuch as everyone disposed to kill is surely prepared to lie about it. The bill would restrict the importation of surplus military arms and other foreign-made firearms. Why? And would bar the sale of pistols and revolvers to persons under 21, and to persons who have ever been convicted of felonies. These last two provisions are indisputably sound, and one cannot imagine their being opposed by a reasonable person.

Opponents of the measure bear the positive responsibility of defending the private ownership of guns, and this is sometimes done blushingly because it is extremely unfashionable nowadays to do or say anything that suggests that arms might conceivably be necessary against organized enemies of the United States. Surely the point to be made here is that such indeed is the rational assumption, every bit as rational as supposing that one could spend one's lifetime strolling on the campus of the University of Texas without worrying about being shot down from the tower. Other reasons for desiring to keep firearms are to have them around in the event of unorganized action against one's life, limb, or property—the armed burglar, or worse, the Perry Smith or Richard Hickok. Then there is the sport of the thing. Some people like to shoot at targets, live or stationary, the way other people like to hit golf balls, or slide down snowy mountains.

It is not suggested that either Lyndon Johnson or Senator Dodd desires to deprive them of the pleasure of their sport, but the logic, or rather illogic, of most of the provisions of the pending measure argue a train of thought likely to lead to just that kind of thing. If every time a Whitman goes berserk, or a Meredith is ambushed, calls are renewed for yet more stringent regulation of the traffic in firearms, inevitably measures would be enacted which might hope to keep the marginal gun away from the marginal killer. But when the final law is passed, sports shooting will be conducted only under the surveillance of armed guards, at selected locations, guns given to you in time to shoot, and reclaimed the moment you are done. The pending bill, in short, though an ineffective bar to the criminal use of guns, effectively pursues a goal the realization of which cannot be done except at too high a cost.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

The Kremlin's Move?

There was a good deal of discussion, last year, about how the Sino-Soviet split affected the Vietnam affair. General opinion seemed to be that 1) the redhot Chinese favored revolutionary struggle to a finish; 2) the revisionist Russians wanted a compromise deal that would neutralize Southeast Asia and block its incorporation in either the Chinese or the American sphere; 3) the U.S. could accept such a compromise and should therefore try to get Moscow to take the diplomatic lead in bringing about a Vietnam solution (armistice, new Geneva conference, internationally guaranteed agreement . . .).

Burnham

I commented (*NR*, April 6, 1965): "It is reported that, in its Vietnam policy, the U.S. Government is for the first time making a deliberate attempt to exploit the Sino-Soviet split. It is to be hoped that this report is true, not only because of the practical benefit that might result but because the attempt, whether or not successful, might yield some verified knowledge concerning the real nature of the split and its consequences, if any, for the non-Communist world."

By the end of 1965 this topic had disappeared from the public agenda, for obvious enough reasons. The Russians have not behaved as general (and official) opinion, reasoning from official doctrine concerning the Sino-Soviet split, expected them to. Nothing that has actually happened suggests that the point of view attributed to the Russians by general (and official) opinion is the point of view they actually hold. Therefore—since official opinion cannot be wrong—the less said the better.

The Soviet Union's actual record on Vietnam has been unambiguous. It has given massive support to Hanoi and the Vietcong by all means except formal military means. It has supplied huge quantities of arms—including most of the weapons that have brought down nearly 400 U.S. planes over North Vietnam—plus instructors, technicians and advisers. It has sent in shiploads of fuel, machinery and food. It has rejected every appeal for conciliatory initiatives, whether coming secretly from U.S. agents or publicly from Mrs. Gandhi, Prime Minister Wilson and Secretary U Thant. It has used every feasible occasion and forum to proclaim its all-out backing of the Vietnamese Communists and its all-out condemnation of U.S. actions. That is to say: by the factual record, Moscow's policy toward the Vietnam war has been exactly the same as Peking's, in spite of their occasional interchange of charges, and Moscow has provided more aid and more effective aid on the military, economic and diplomatic fronts.

The Naive Facts

A naive observer might conclude that the Vietnam facts are evidence against the official belief that the Soviet Union is no longer revolutionary and that there now exists an unbridgeable gulf between the tamed Soviet Union and revolutionary China. The facts seem to favor a contrary belief: that the Soviet Union continues to be a revolutionary state, and that the conflict between the Soviet Union and China, though fierce and conceivably destined to be mortal, is fundamentally a dispute within the Communist enterprise. (Official opinion digests the facts with the help of an interpretative enzyme: Moscow supports the Vietnamese "liberation struggle" not because she really wants to, but only to keep the allegiance of the world's Communists against Peking's rival claim. Official opinion overlooks the unanswerable question why a non-revolutionary state should concern itself unduly with the goodwill of revolutionaries.)

Let us take the standpoint of the naive observer, and further note that Moscow's pro-Hanoi, anti-U.S. position seems to be getting harsher. Recent statements on Vietnam by Soviet spokesmen have been conspicuously rude and uncompromising. May it be that Moscow is getting ready, not to recommend a "new Geneva" or some other "step toward peace," but to escalate its support of Hanoi and the Vietcong?

A Second Front?

Such escalation need not take place in Vietnam. A diversionary, "second front" move would seem more likely. 1) Moscow might back a Near East operation carried out by Nasser and the left-wing Syrian government. In June the Palestine Liberation Organization and the Arab Nationalist Movement (both subsidized by Moscow as well as by Cairo and Damascus) started a new propaganda campaign for the overthrow of King Hussein of Jordan; they have long demanded an end to the Saudi Arabian monarchy. 2) A rumble might be provoked on the German question or in Berlin. There have been a number of German "incidents" lately—the publicized re-making of parts of the Berlin Wall; aircraft buzzings; East German denunciation of alleged CIA misdeeds, etc. 3) Moscow might develop a multi-pronged anti-U.S. action in the UN Assembly session that will convene in September.

This list might easily be expanded —to include, for example, a Caribbean move, or an Nkrumah comeback drive. The strategic idea is simple. The U.S. has become so heavily committed—politically and psychologically as well as militarily—in Southeast Asia that its potential for effective response elsewhere is much weakened. The U.S. would have unusual difficulty in counteracting even a modest move in another theater; at the least, a diversionary move would have an automatically depressant effect on the Vietnam effort.

One hopes that our Kremlinological optimists have not persuaded our leaders to forget that intervention is a two-way street.

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Post-Election Blues

Correspondence with Theodore Draper & Commentary, Appropriate & Inappropriate

Shortly after the election in the Dominican Republic, we received a lengthy letter from Mr. Theodore Draper, author and journalist, with the request that we publish it in full, which we proceed to do, warts and all, together with observations from Mr. J. B. Bender, who wrote "Dominican Intervention: The Facts" (NR Feb. 8, 1965); Mr. Paul Bethel, who wrote "Dominican Intervention: The Myths" (same issue); and the editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, whose syndicated columns "Latin American Policy Contradictions" (Feb. 8) and "Adios Bosch" (June 7), and editorial "Dilemma in Dominica" (NR May 31) Mr. Draper alludes to.

Stanford, California
June 8, 1966

Dear Sir:

Since the Editor of the NATIONAL REVIEW has seen fit to devote nine pages of the February 8, 1966 issue, two of his newspaper columns, and now an editorial in the May 31, 1966 issue to my political depravity, I may perhaps be permitted to say a few words in reply. I will not try to deal with all or most of the charges and criticisms, because I would need as much space as they have filled up. But some comments evoked by your editorial, "Dilemma in Dominica," may be helpful to readers who have not followed both sides of the Dominican controversy.

► Mr. Bethel: I would like to comment on Mr. Draper's opening sentence. He claims that my article and that of Mr. Bender, consuming nine pages of the February 8 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, were dedicated to his political depravity, and asks to say a few words in reply. This deftly overlooks the fact that it was Mr. Draper who first lashed out in personal attacks on press representatives who disagreed with him in a 36 page article in *Commentary*, and followed up that attack in the *New Republic* and the *New Leader*. It is false, therefore, for him to assume the posture of the victim, just as it is false for him to cry "foul" because his attacks were answered.

1. You refer to my article, "A Case of Political Obscenity" in the *New Leader* of May 9, 1966. But you do not give any hint of what I considered to be politically obscene. In order that I may be able to accept the challenge implicit in the last sentence of the editorial, it is necessary to know what moved me to use a rather strong phrase—"political obscenity."

In the *New Leader*, I told the story of the article by two Dominican Communists that appeared in the organ of the pro-Soviet Communist parties, *World Marxist Review* of December 1965 and January 1966. In this article, they wrote: "We failed to see that an armed uprising was inevitable. Consequently, our party found itself unprepared for the uprising and was unable to head it, although as far as possible it took a firm and resolute part in it."

Thus there can be no doubt that the two Communists did not claim the Communists had been responsible for instigating the Dominican revolt of April 24, 1965, or had been able to seize control of it afterwards. Yet, as I showed, columnists and congressmen flagrantly distorted this article to mean that the Communists had at last admitted "fomenting" the revolt (as Represenative Joe D. Waggoner put it) or had blatantly proclaimed their "responsibility" for it (as Senator Russell B. Long put it).

The question at issue here was not whether the two Communists were right or wrong. It was simply and solely what they had in fact written. In order to give the impression that the Dominican revolt had been a Communist plot, a crude and clumsy falsification was perpetrated—a falsification which can be checked in any of the larger libraries in this country which gets *World Marxist Review*. This fraud was so cynical and outrageous that it struck me as a "political obscenity." I notice that your editorial does not try to defend it, as well you might have done if you thought that I had opened myself up to reasonable confutation.

► NATIONAL REVIEW's editorial did not undertake to justify the distortions, presumably unintentional, of Representative Waggoner or of Senator Long, though we do not find a probable distortion (the above legislators') of a possible distortion (the two Dominican Communists') as striking as Mr. Draper does. The Communists in question may or may not have been speaking the truth; presumably they spoke in the usual Aesopian accents of Communist Party functionaries engaged in self-serving revisionism. The Communists' principal concern, towards the end of 1965, would have been to substantiate the myth that the Communists were not seriously involved in the pro-Bosch uprising either as instigators, or as profiteers. The main question is: *Were* they significantly involved, enough so to justify the intervention by Lyndon Johnson? Mr. Draper has failed to dispose of the findings not only of Messrs. Bethel and Bender, but of the OAS Investigating Commission; to say nothing of those of Jules DuBois (*Chicago Tribune*), Howard Handelman (*U.S. News & World Report*), Jeremiah O'Leary (*Washington Star*), Virginia Prewett (columnist, *Latin American Times*), John T. Skelly (*Latin American Times*), Latin American Desk of *Time* Magazine, Eric Sevareid (CBS), Rowland Evans and Robert Novak (columnists), and Daniel James (former managing editor of the *New Leader*, author and columnist). Typical of these excerpts—from Mr. James:

"A majority of the persons this reporter has talked with agree that the

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Communists had begun surfacing within 24 hours after the revolt had started on April 24, and that within 72 hours were acquiring control over it."

2. This is what my article was largely about. But what do you tell your readers about it? That I have been "writing articles under such headings as 'A Case of Political Obscenity' (*New Leader,* May 9, 1966) —headings whose emotional register exactly conveys the author's disgust with the United States for intervening last year in Dominican affairs, and his exhortation to the United States to intervene this year, so as to see to it that Juan Bosch becomes President."

Is this a fair, a truthful representation of my views? It is fair and truthful to say that I was disgusted with and dismayed by U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic. It is grotesquely unfair and wildly untruthful to say that I have ever exhorted the United States to intervene again in behalf of Juan Bosch or anyone else. I have never written a word in favor of U.S. intervention, past, present or future.

Again, the issue is not whether U.S. intervention would be good or bad. It is simply or solely whether in fact I have ever exhorted—or even implied that I wanted—the United States to intervene to make Juan Bosch president. Is this another case of "political obscenity"? I leave it to you to decide.

► A quotation from Mr. Draper's article (published three weeks before the Dominican election) in the *New Leader*: "But we have now been given that other rarity of foreign affairs—a second chance. There will be an election in the Dominican Republic on June 1, and Juan Bosch is running again. One can only hope that we will find a way to make just as clear this time that his return to power is not against the interests of the United States as we found a way last April to make clear that we thought it was such a danger." *Just as clear*? If we had taken steps to make it just as clear, presumably we'd have landed the Marines on election eve, to declare Bosch the winner.

3. By chance I wrote an article, which appeared in the *New Republic* of February 19 and 26, 1966, before I saw your issue of February 8, 1966. In my article, I happened to deal with some of the key points raised by Paul D. Bethel in the NATIONAL REVIEW. I was content to let anyone reading both articles decide for himself how much truth there was in Mr. Bethel's versions.

More recently, one of Mr. Bethel's stories has produced a surprising dénouement. As your readers may recall, it concerned an alleged "agreement to cooperate" made by Juan Bosch and two leaders of the pro-Castro 14th of June Movement. This agreement was supposedly made in Puerto Rico in March 1965, two months after Bosch's party had made a pact with the Social Christian Revolutionary Party. Mr. Bethel had been peddling this story for almost eight months—in the *Washington Daily News* of June 21, 1965, in the *Free Cuba News* of June 23, 1965, and in the NATIONAL REVIEW of February 8, 1966. The *Washington Daily News* version was quoted in the Senate on August 23, 1965 by Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut, who assured his listeners that it had been "confirmed by the State Department." In the NATIONAL REVIEW version, Mr. Bethel assured your readers that the alleged Bosch-14th of June deal was revealed in "official Senate files."

Imagine my astonishment when I opened the *Reporter* of June 2, 1966 and found an article by Paul D. Bethel in which he referred to the pre-revolt pact made between Bosch's PRD and the Social Christian Revolutionary Party. Then Mr. Bethel writes: "The pact was signed in February, two months before last year's revolt. Leaders of the Castroite 14th of June Movement (IJ4) demanded partnership in the pact but were turned down by Bosch as being too closely identified with the Communists."

I would like to believe that Mr. Bethel may have learned something from my article in the *New Republic* in which I had already exposed the hoax of the Bosch-14th of June "agreement of cooperate." Unfortunately, his new version does not make his old mistake, but it also happens to be all wrong—for different reasons.

The PRD-Social Christian pact was signed on January 30, 1965, not in February. More important, however, it was not the 14th of June Movement which had "demanded partnership in the pact." It was the Moscow-oriented Popular Socialist Party, which now calls itself the Dominican Communist Party. The 14th of June organ had criticized the PSP for this maneuver, which Bosch's supporters had turned down.

Mr. Bethel goes on to substitute other demonstrable fictions for the one that he has just given up. But I will leave this demonstration for another occasion.

In your editorial of May 31, 1966, you finally, if grudgingly, recognize that Bosch "is not a Communist." You insist that he is not "well equipped" to "keep Communism away from his government." If this were the gravamen of the dispute, I would not have taken the trouble to look into the evidence for or against Mr. Bethel's stories. For they —and you—accused Bosch of something far more serious. The stories which you published were concocted to prove that Bosch had conspired, negotiated and agreed to cooperate with the Communists to regain power. And if your readers do not happen to read the *Reporter,* they still do not know that one of the key stories has just been exploded in your face—not by me but by Mr. Bethel.

► Mr. Bethel: As for my contribution to the Dominican story, I *did* write in the June 2 issue of the *Reporter* that the Pact of Rio Piedras brought about a coalition of forces which found Juan Bosch in active collaboration with the Communists. Bosch not only conspired with the Communists while he was in exile, but continued to do so following his return to Santo Domingo. I will stand by my account of the *February* strike [as detailed in my article in NATIONAL REVIEW] in which Bosch *knowingly* joined forces with the Communist leadership of the FOUPSA-CESITRADO labor union in carrying out that strike. As with previous articles, I have supplied as much detail as possible for the reader and the critic to check.

But Mr. Draper's attempts to "debunk" the details of the meeting between Bosch and members of the Castroite IJ4 Movement fall short of being successful. He finds my June 2 article in the *Reporter* at odds with

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what I wrote in NATIONAL REVIEW last February 8. He apparently has jumped to the conclusion that the Pact of Rio Piedras, referred to in my article in the *Reporter,* is the same meeting which I wrote about in NATIONAL REVIEW. It is not. Actually, there were several meetings which came out of the Pact of Rio Piedras.

Bosch wrote to Mr. Draper that the meeting with Rafael (Fafa) Taveras couldn't have taken place since he, Mr. Bosch, said he "heard the name of Rafael (Fafa) Taveras for the first time on June 14, 1965, when he spoke in the name of the 14th of June party at a meeting held in Santo Domingo." Is Mr. Bosch, then, deaf, dumb, and blind? This is rather like claiming that President Lyndon B. Johnson had never heard of Gus Hall! Mr. Bosch's statement is demonstrably false, unless, of course, he never read the Dominican or Puerto Rican papers or listened to news broadcasts.

The Bosch radio program which came out of the March, 1965 meeting was, according to Mr. Draper's assertions in the *New Republic* of February 26, sponsored by something called the Dominican News Agency. I claimed, and still claim, that the program, "Aquí Santo Domingo," was paid for by the Castroite IJ4 Movement. Mr. Draper bases his claim of sponsorship on a newspaper account of the program which said that "The former Dominican President was interviewed in Puerto Rico by Victoriano Felix, special representative of the Dominican News Agency. The interview was read on the program 'Here, Santo Domingo,' which Radio Cristal broadcast yesterday at 6:15 P.M."

There is no indication whatsoever that the Dominican News Agency "sponsored" the program. Second, what *is* the Dominican News Agency? When one merely reads an account of its existence, one is inclined to think of it along the lines of a legitimate news service, such as AP or UPI. This is not the case. The Dominican News Agency is a small outfit which specializes in importing film clips. This information was given to me by none other than Franklin Domínguez, former press chief for Colonel Francisco Caamaño, and later press aide to Provisional President Hector García Godoy. I asked him about it after noting that none of the Dominican newspapers even subscribe to a Dominican News Agency. Thus, Felix did not interview Bosch in the capacity of a legitimate reporter. Third, Mr. Draper does not mention that Victoriano Felix is a member of the IJ4 Movement, and he overlooks completely the "special representative" nature of his affiliation with the "news" agency. This most probably was a cover. There is no other ready explanation.

Nor do I agree with Mr. Draper that Bosch's anti-Americanism would have been the "news sensation of the year." Juan Bosch's intemperance has been so widely commented on that there is little need to go into it here. I would merely suggest that Mr. Draper peruse the transcript of Bosch's interview, read over Radio Cristal, rather than news accounts of it. I would also remind him that Radio Cristal is owned by an officer of Bosch's PRD.

4. It must be admitted, however, that your editorial of May 31, 1966 represented a notable advance of tolerance and fair play. It concedes that "Bosch must be an extraordinary man" because few newspaper reporters or historians "emerge from his cloistered office unmoved by him." (This cannot refer to me because I have never met him; he means nothing to me personally; I respect only what he stands for; and I abhor the means used to overthrow a democratically elected, constitutional president and to prevent him from regaining office.) But, the editorial goes on, "it is all the more a tribute to his magnetism" inasmuch as he is "idiosyncratic, vain, petulant, verbose, paranoid, cowardly, indecisive." I leave it to those who know Bosch better than I do how many of these adjectives apply to him.

Still, they represent a substantial rise for him in the estimation of the Editor of the NATONAL REVIEW. For in one column, the latter suggested that Bosch might be suffering from "senility." And in another column, Bosch was brushed off as "hysterical." If Bosch were senile or hysterical, it would be truly baffling to account for his magnetism for so many newsmen and historians. It is much easier to understand this phenomenon if he is merely idiosyncratic, vain, petulant,

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verbose, paranoid, cowardly, and indecisive.

Nevertheless, I cannot help wondering: is this the language of "conservatism" or is it the vocabulary of what some have called the "paranoid Right" (you see that two can play at this game)? President Jaime Benítez of the University of Puerto Rico knows Juan Bosch better than either of us, and he has written: "The issue is not one of courage as has been invidiously suggested elsewhere. In many ways Mr. Bosch is much more courageous than any one of us." Perhaps Dr. Benítez is mistaken. Yet courage takes many different forms in different circumstances. What troubles me is the depths to which the anti-Bosch campaign has sunken —outright, unconscionable fabrications, some of which are now being admitted, and character assassination worthy of the political gutter.

► 1) It is not the least baffling that some men should retain their magnetism even if senile and hysterical, *vide* Bertrand Russell, Adolf Hitler, Woodrow Wilson. 2) Idiosyncratic?—obviously. Vain? — unquestionably. Petulant?—ask anybody. Verbose?—*Jesús, María, José, cómo habla este señor*! Paranoid?—Ask the United States. Indecisive?—He makes Hamlet look like the power of positive thinking. Cowardly? — Meet Selden Rodman, in the *New Republic,* June 18: "As everyone knows, *machismo* (male courage) is more valued among Hispanic peoples than any other trait. By leaving his followers to fight and die on the barricades while he [Bosch] directed operations from an American sanctuary—all the while accusing the United States of having intervened only to preserve the prerogatives of the oligarchs and the military—Bosch . . . undercut his own image . . . Bosch's first major mistake in his second campaign was to confirm the public impression of timidity by never venturing into the provinces where Balaguer was conducting a vigorous campaign. The frail Balaguer had been threatened with assassination, too; but it was the husky Bosch who only left his heavily guarded home in Santo Domingo three times in eight months . . ." 3) Character assassination worthy of the political *gutter*? Consider Oswald's treatment (in *Lear*): "What dost thou know me for?" he asked the Earl of Kent . . . "A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave, a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition."

5. You are mistaken if you think that I am concerned only with anti-Bosch calumnies. In the *Nation,* of May 2, 1966, Sidney Lens claims to know that the former Presidential Assistant, McGeorge Bundy, came to Santo Domingo in May 1965 and demanded that Communist leaders should be "incarcerated in concentration camps."

I have devoted as much time and effort trying to find out what truth there might be in this allegation as I spent looking into Mr. Bethel's political fables. I am convinced that Mr. Bundy has been the victim of an equally disgusting and indefensible calumny. I hope that the *Nation* will print my letter of protest. The issue here far transcends the personal virtues or vices of Sr. Bosch or Mr. Bundy. It concerns the morality of our political discourse. When one reads of your vaunted principles, one expects you to set an example in this regard. Have there been not protests from your own ranks against your practice?

► Against *what* practice, dammit! Bethel (supra and infra), disposes of the causes of Mr. Draper's indignation as conclusively as the Dominican voters disposed of the Draper-coddled myth of Bosch's popularity.

6. Finally, I will take up your challenge and tell you whether your prediction has come true. The last sentence in your editorial of May 31, 1966, reads: "A prediction: if Balaguer wins, and Bosch refuses to cooperate with his government, Mr. Theodore Draper will not protest the obscenity."

To begin with, the question at this moment is whether Bosch will contest the election on grounds of fraud. Neither I nor you are in a position to adjudge this matter. Unless the evidence is convincing, and impartial or at least reputable observers should support it, I would not set myself up as a judge one way or the other.

But even in our country, elections have been disputed on grounds of fraud. What does that have to do with "obscenity"? Why should I protest if Bosch should claim fraud, at least until he produces some evidence and there is some possibility of assessing it? What I would protest is to deny him the right to make such a charge and bring forth whatever evidence he possesses. That is quite another matter.

I know—this is not what you have written. You challenged me to protest the obscenity not if Bosch charges fraud but if he "refuses to cooperate" with Balaguer's government.

Now, why should Bosch, assuming that he accepts the electoral verdict, be expected to *cooperate* with Balaguer? A minority party is usually expected to play the role of the government's opposition. Or else, the minority criticizes and cooperates as it sees fit. Certainly no one from the outside has the right to tell Bosch's party in advance that it must always "cooperate" with Balaguer.

Again, what does this have to do with political "obscenity"? I referred to a "political obscenity" which took the form of an obviously planted, orchestrated campaign of wanton deception. Can Bosch's refusal to "cooperate" with Balaguer, assuming that to be the case, be equated with the skullduggery that I protested against? I confess that I cannot even take you seriously in this playing with words.

► Playing-with-words-wise, Mr. Draper is no amateur, though he is not particularly gifted at the vice. As witness the ease with which one disposes of the question of the use of the word "cooperate" as relevant to the situation. The June 18 issue of the *New Republic* carries a post-mortem by Selden Rodman (already referred to). Rodman begins by observing that "the tension that developed in the streets June 2 and the sporadic acts of violence that have ensued may be ascribed entirely to Juan Bosch's failure to accept defeat gracefully. . . . Asked (before the election) if

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he intended to cooperate (sic) with Balaguer in the event of the latter's victory, Bosch sidestepped the question by intimating that that would depend on *how* such an improbability had been managed . . ." Rodman put the same question to Balaguer: " 'If you lose, will you remain here this time? And cooperate (sic) with the new president?' 'Definitely.' "

7. You have been baiting me now for months. If I were to try to put straight all the falsehoods and fatuities that you have committed against the Dominican revolt, I would have to write at such length that it would have no chance of publication. As it is, I have written only a fraction as much as you have published against me. I have, of necessity, chosen to comment on some questions at issue that seem symbolic to me of all the rest. If I am not mistaken, you pride yourself on your toughness and candor. Perhaps, then, you will not fail to recognize my good intentions.

► Let's everybody grant everybody's good intentions and quickly get back to the point.

The point, as summarized by Mr. Bender: "Mr. Draper complains that the anti-Bosch campaign smacks of 'character assassination worthy of the political gutter.' But in his *Commentary* piece, he suggests, typically, that the military attachés at the U.S. Embassy in Santo Domingo were responsible for at least some of the bombings of that city by the Dominican Air Force. The implication is that they were therefore responsible for some of the civilian lives lost during those attacks. His sources are Juan Bosch, quoted through a *New York Times* interview, and another reporter. This is an outrageous charge by a serious student of current affairs. That Draper has made no evident effort to contact the attachés themselves on this grave charge is a reflection on his adequacy as a reliable observer of at least this crisis."

As summarized by Mr. Bethel: "What is the issue at stake here? Simply stated, the issue is the political judgment of Theodore Draper and his informants. Where did they go wrong? Part of the 'where' can be found in a two sentence peroration in Mr. Draper's article in *Commentary*. He states: 'For perhaps the second time in their entire history, they [the Dominicans] have fought for something worth believing in. Lawyers and peasants have been stirred by the same common aspirations and ideals.'

"This was bunk in 1965 at the time of the revolt, and it was demonstrable bunk in 1966 when the Dominican people soundly rejected Juan Bosch at the polls."

Letter from Spain

Wrinkles on My Lady

PETER CRUMPET

For eight years, I have carried on a love affair with Spain. We are both older.

I detect a few wrinkles on her smooth beauty. She claims I am not as attentive as formerly. I vow that I love her. Piff! she cries, what can the protestations of any man be worth? You are growing tired of me!

My adorable one, my beauty, my soul . . . !

She sleeps now, content.

How long will she remain in that voluptuous slumber? Between you and me, as I now stand beside her couch, observing the plump perfections and the dark, mysterious hollows, there are a few itty bitty tiny little insignificant *arrugillitas* on the satin skin of my beloved. Shall I be a cad?

The other day, a Frenchman who has been doing business in Spain for a couple of years recounted the story of a group of wealthy and socially influential Spaniards who contracted a debt with a bank in Madrid. The matter dragged on for years. Gentle, and then persistent, efforts by the creditor to collect the principal were ignored. The Spanish bank finally lost patience. What to do?

Well, in this country one does not proceed against counts and marquises. The bank therefore selected the one person among the borrowers who is a) not wealthy, b) without influence or prestige and c) had long since satisfied his share of the common obligation, and against this man succeeded in getting a court order freezing his liquid capital and property until his associates deigned to bail him out.

A year or so ago, an enterprising American purchased two lots of land from a Spanish nobleman, subsequently marketing the second lot at a profit. Hearing the news, the original proprietor was outraged. It's one thing palming off worthless farmland on ingenuous *extrajeros;* it is altogether another matter when the impudent Indian turns around and makes money on it! By a series of moves for which, in Paris, London or New York, there are hard and unpleasant names, the nobleman sought to invalidate his contract with my American friend. The issue was finally settled through a "bonus" to the aristocrat approximating $500,000.

The reader will have to accept that right and reason were with the American and his Spanish purchasers, that the duke in question acted in a manner unbecoming a Fisk, and that there was no prudent alternative but to pay the sweetener. As one of the purchasers explained—shrugging in the inimitable, fatalistic Spanish fashion—it was just another *pernada.*

The *pernada* is a rather vivid way of describing the medieval *droit de seigneur,* under which a baron had first call on the sweets and honey of his serf's bride. In twentieth-century Spain, the nobleman, the personage of wealth and influence, retains all rights; it is to lesser mortals that obligations apply. It is therefore not immoral to cheat or harry one's inferiors (which all foreigners necessarily are). It becomes a sort of duty.

Similar incidents, expressive of the same attitudes, could be cited on every level of Spanish society. Arrogance—a venal reflection of many fine qualities—runs vertically through the nation. A peasant pokes his don-

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key with a cruelly-pointed stick. Distributors gouge the farmer. Bankers let the blood of small-time entrepreneurs with usurious interest rates. The financial and social aristocracy fattens off the land.

It has ever been so, my poor, star-crossed love. It is especially perilous now, when the fates of nations are economically charted. Arrogance convinces every Spaniard, in degree ascending with the hierarchic social scale, that he has nothing to learn from the contemporary world.

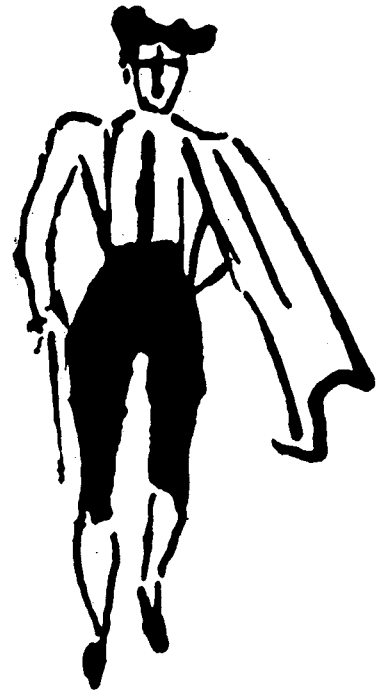
Do you stir? Do I hear from your swollen, somnolent lips a protest? You are *genial*? Oh, yes, you are rank with genius. What breed has produced poets, novelists, playwrights and painters in such glittering profusion? And when war was the rage and sport of European principalities, did ever a people field more consistently victorious armies? There was the Armada, of course, you will admit that; and your music is vulgar. In general, do I not agree that all other nations suffer from the irremediable tragedy of not being Spanish?

Now that soccer has become the test of Continental virility, Spain dominates the championships. Naturally. And now that commerce has emerged as at least a semi-respectable occupation, why, are not Spaniards manifesting the precious mettle of their blood?

The proof is in the *flan*, as the saying goes. Are not the affluent classes in Spain today more incredibly affluent than at any time since the seventeenth century?

The foundation of this revived wealth, which percolates down to the lower middle classes, is real estate. There are peasants on the sunny coasts whose fifty wretched acres have earned them millions of dollars. There are dukes and bankers whose inherited acre in Madrid may have fetched a dazzling fortune. With the tourist boom of the past seven years; with the industrial expansion of Spain, the influx of foreign investment and headlong centralization, anybody happening to possess practically any stretch along the Mediterranean, or practically any urban site in such as Seville, Barcelona or Madrid, has enjoyed a speculator's paradise. Taxes are token. Spaniards do indeed gorge off the fat of the land.

Speculation is taken for wizardry. Success is the principal diet of arrogance: and as the wealthy sell off their properties, the more arrogant do they become, and the more assured of their God-given (God is expected to favor Spaniards) financial acumen. In dozens of individual cases,



merit plays a major role. On the whole, my lady may be linked to an Eskimo woman who has sat for generations on a mountain of ice, cursing the cold and the blinding brilliance of the polar wastes; and then, to her astonishment, sights a ship hoving into the desolate harbor, and greets off that ship prospectors who inform her that the iceberg is a diamond of gigantic size.

My lady is the sole chatelaine of the treasure. She permits the foreign prospectors to show her where the richest lodes lie, and she even grants them the privilege of chipping off a piece or two. But the mountain belongs to her, and she is the matriarch of a more or less indolent ruling class that now petitions her for concessions. She is indulgent; she stacks the mountain in their favor. The goodies are parceled out among them. Thus it is *not* egregious to hear of nincompoop twenty-year-old heirs of resounding titles and resoundingly empty heads taking their seats on the boards of the most powerful, state-chartered monopolies, and being accorded by board members twice their age, experience and ability (but half their fortune and influence), an almost servile deference. The inner circle is a tight cordon. Few break into it (and those who do exercise at once the vested prerogatives they themselves had to fight against). The competition, if any, comprises similarly constituted directorships; and the diamond mountain is split between them.

Steady picking at even a sierra will ultimately reduce it; one can't go on selling land forever. And privilege is in direct proportion to stored capital.

The plutocracy tends to extravagance; the beneficiaries of landed fortunes are spending their substance as though tomorrow may never come. (A recent wedding reception reputedly cost five million pesetas—$84,000, and the presents were valued at ten millions of pesetas.) Spain is now beset by rampaging inflation: gross inefficiency has seen the doubling and tripling of wages but no commensurate rise in productivity. If there should be any caesura in tourism, many houses will topple. The perils ahead are clear. Sears Roebuck, for example, is entering the market: this kind of huge, corporate competition can wreak havoc with the commodious financial fraternities presently in hegemonic control of the economy. On the political front, the days of the present regime are limited, and this reporter has yet to encounter a serious political movement (if such a one exists) that is not saturated with Socialism. Even Don Hugo, the comic-opera Carlist pretender, is driveling economic leftism. The rentier classes, now so complacently in the saddle, may well take note of the shudderings of their mount.

But one doubts that the fragility of the future will impress Spain's financial and social aristocracy until it actually tears apart before their supercilious eyes. A charming, shrewd old marquesa, speaking of the ancient regime, recalled the not very startling adage that "They never learn, and they never change." Spain fought a vicious civil war just 26 years ago. The nepotism, idleness and arrogance of the plutocrats had something to do with engendering that war. These people have not changed. They may never . . .

Querida, you are awake!

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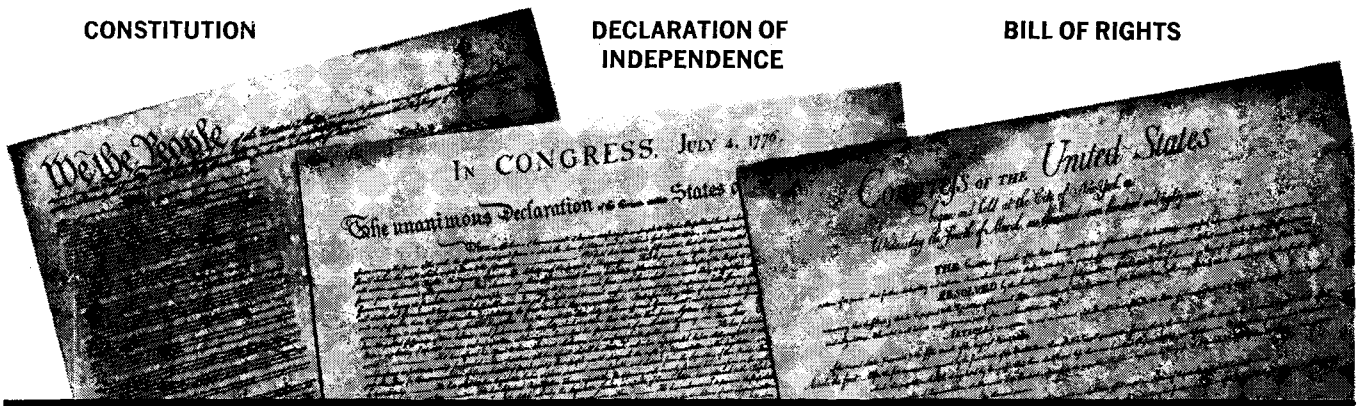

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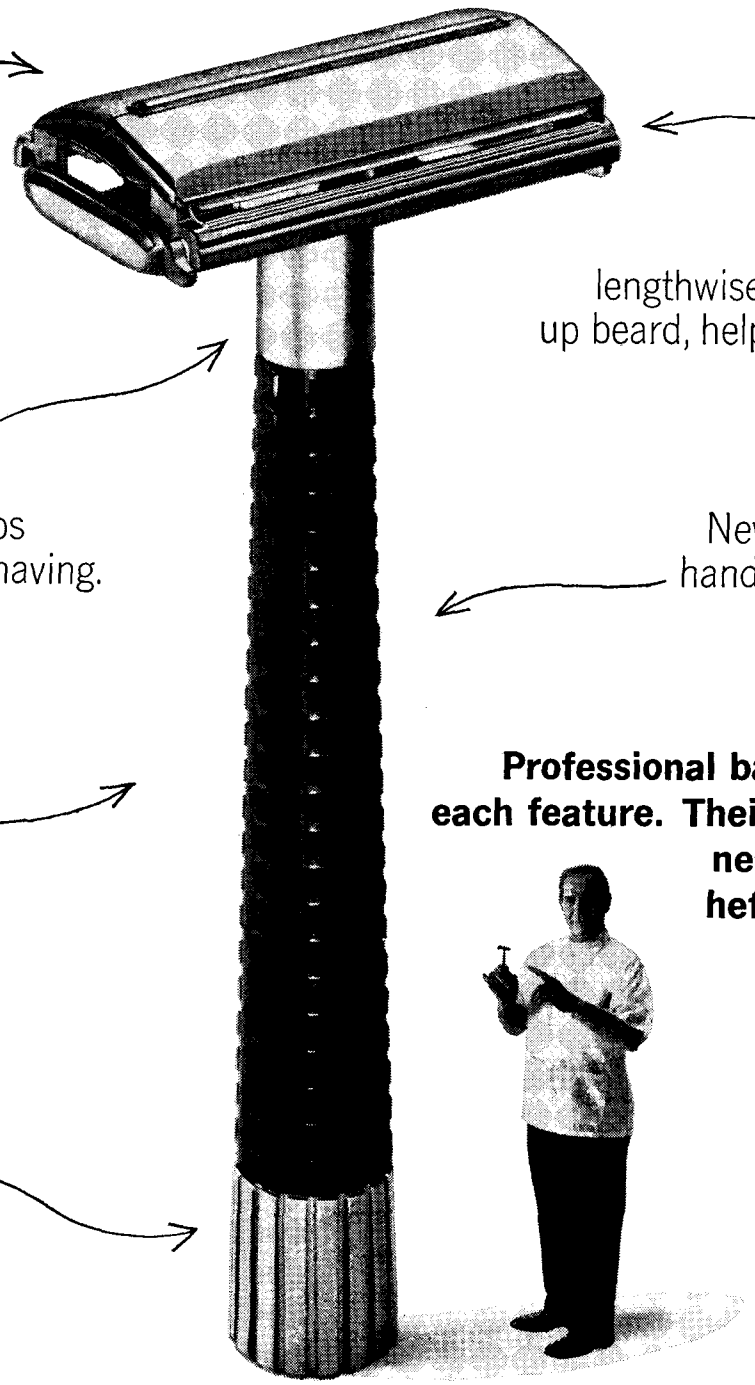

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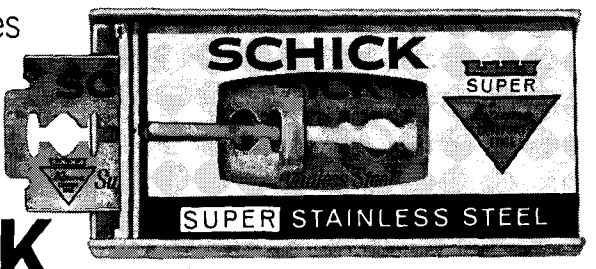

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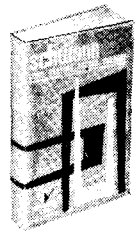

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Letter from Africa

The Demagogues Are Rocked

GILBERT COMTE

A third left-oriented African government was shaken up on July 27, just a year after the fall of Ben Bella in Algeria and 122 days after Nkrumah's ouster in Ghana. The spark this time was the firing by civilian authorities in the Marxist-controlled former French (Brazzaville) Congo of an unimportant army captain. This touched off riots in the center of the city. Demonstrators, encouraged and aided by troops, looted the headquarters of the *Mouvement National de la Révolution* (MNR)—the Congo's only legal party. Earlier, rioters had tried to invade the office of Premier Amboise Naumazalay, who had been the MNR's delegate to the 23rd Party Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union last April.

The Premier and his entourage just barely managed to escape to a nearby stadium with the help of a special guard of Cuban Negroes who have been serving in the Congo for some time now, courtesy of Fidel Castro (see *NR*, July 12, 1966). After 48 hours of skirmishing, the soldiers from Havana beat off the local troops, most of whom had defected to the opposition. According to popular political mythology this kind of intervention by external forces is always necessary to keep reactionary regimes in power. But in the case of the Congo (Brazzaville) it was a totalitarian regime of the left that had to be saved by a foreign Praetorian guard.

This discontent with leftist one-party government is spreading in Africa. In Mali, the people are sick to death of the "socialism" of President Modibo Keita, and pray for the day when he will be overthrown. Public finances have crumbled under the weight of a foreign debt which is larger than the national budget. The peanut and cotton harvests are down 40 per cent from their peak despite promises by Red Chinese experts a year ago that they would perform agricultural miracles. To pay the freight on food imports at the port of Abidjan, Keita has had to negotiate credits from the capitalist regime of President Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast.

In Guinea, Sékou Touré is maintained in power by terrorist methods. Small storekeepers and merchants in Guinea have been ruined by the nationalization of industry; middle income peasants are harassed by constantly growing taxes; even the intellectual elite is turning against a regime it long supported as "revolutionary." Every day, entire families of Guineans seek refuge in the more hospitable territories of Senegal, Liberia and the Ivory Coast and even —such is their plight—in Upper Volta and Niger. Tens of thousands of them now live in Dakar and Abidjan. They are forming a Guinean National Liberation Front whose official goal is the ouster of Sékou Touré. Until now national liberation fronts in the underdeveloped countries have been dedicated to the overthrow of "reactionary" regimes.

Turning the Tide

In Cairo, the resurfacing of the Moslem Brotherhood indicates the progressive weakness of Colonel Nasser and his "Arab socialism."

These developments have taken their toll of those subversive groups and organizations Messrs. Nasser, Ben Bella and Nkrumah were so actively supporting in the early Sixties. The arrest of an Egyptian official recently in Léopoldville (now Kinshasa) has dealt a blow to a Lumumbist rebellion which it won't survive. In Ghana, Nkrumah's successors have dismantled military camps where dissidents from Cameroon, the Ivory Coast, Togo, Dahomey and Upper Volta were being trained in guerrilla activities by Chinese instructors with the ultimate object of overthrowing the pro-Western leaders of their respective countries. Also liquidated was "Sawaba," the terrorist Niger group, trained and supported by Peking, that almost brought off the assassination of President Diori Hamani a year ago (see "An Assassination that Failed," *NR*, June 15, 1965). Its principal African base had been in Accra, Ghana.

In the Ivory Coast, Senegal and Cameroon, and in the fifteen young African republics that are free-world-oriented, the Ben Bella-Nkrumah-Naumazalay crisis has served to bolster existing authorities and perhaps more important, to impress the masses. Until today, those African and Asian leaders hostile to Marxism had seemed to be operating under some sort of malign curse: Chiang Kai-shek in China, Syngman Rhee in Korea, Nuri es-Said in Iraq, Moise Tshombe in Katanga. On the other hand, Sukarno, Ben Bella and Nkrumah had seemed invincible. This, said American and European intellectuals, was the wave of the future, the historic imperative.

Upheavals in Accra, Jakarta and Algiers, economic atrophy in Conakry, Cairo and Bamako (Mali), plus the recent incident in Brazzaville, have done violence to this beautifully simplistic legend. Men like pro-Western President Houphouet-Boigny until just recently seemed to have made a choice that ran athwart history. All this has now changed: the string of defeats of various seemingly untouchable regimes has strengthened the popular backing of the moderates.

These upheavals have been accompanied, however, by certain puzzling complications. The African masses find it hard to understand, for instance, why so many young American Peace Corpsmen working in western Africa are hostile to the Vietnam war. The local peoples, who have had their share of Chinese subversion, cannot understand why Washington sends out such agents. They wonder too, why the Johnson Administration continues to support Sékou Touré. "This aid is considerable," says one of the closest associates of President Houphouet-Boigny. "It amounts to nearly half of the Guinean budget, and yet Sékou Touré is the principal agent of Peking in Africa."

Statements such as these temper the current optimism of pro-Westerners in Africa. But for the first time in years, they have the comfortable feeling that they are on the right side of the barricades.

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Where Are the Clergymen?

If Senator Dirksen's prayer amendment is to have any chance of passage, clergymen must support it. Why don't they? For fear of losing federal aid

CHARLES E. RICE

To the surprise of many, Senator Everett M. Dirksen announced last January that he would force a Senate fight for a constitutional amendment to undo the school prayer decisions handed down by the Supreme Court in 1962 and 1963. In the first decision, the Court invalidated the recitation in public schools of the state-composed Regents' prayer, and in the second ruling the Court forbade the recitation of the Lord's Prayer and devotional reading of the Bible in public schools. In neither case was any child compelled to participate in the exercise. Since then, a federal circuit court has ruled, in a case arising in Whitestone, New York, that public school teachers cannot even permit pupils to recite prayers in classrooms by themselves and on their own initiative. The Supreme Court refused to review this last ruling.

Dormant Issue Revives

An earlier effort to gain congressional approval of a prayer amendment foundered in 1964 on the obstructionism of House Judiciary Committee Chairman Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.), the hostility of the press and, in part, a withdrawal of support for the amendment by leaders of the Roman Catholic Church. For the past year or so the issue has lain dormant.

The Dirksen prayer amendment provides:

"Nothing contained in this Constitution shall prohibit the authority administering any school, school system, educational institution or other public building supported in whole or part through the expenditure of public funds from providing for or permitting the voluntary participation by students or others in prayer. Nothing contained in this article shall authorize any such authority to prescribe the form or content of any prayer."

There are two issues here. First, is the amendment worth adopting? Second, what are its chances of success?

To judge the merits of the Dirksen amendment, we must remember that the Supreme Court's prayer decisions have generated two dangerous trends. One is the elimination of various religious manifestations from public life. The other is the threat to the tax privileges of religious organizations.

The first trend, toward the excision of religious manifestations, follows from the basic rationale of the decisions. For there the Court enjoined upon government a perpetual suspension of judgment on the very question of whether God exists. Thus it was that Justice William Brennan labored in a concurring opinion in the 1963 case to show that the ruling did not require such things as the erasure of God's name from our coinage, the repeal of the national motto, etc. And Brennan's rationale, which epitomized the basic meaning of the decision, was that, "The reference to divinity in the revised pledge of allegiance, for example, may merely recognize the historical fact that our Nation *was believed to have been founded under God*" (emphasis added). In short, the words "under God" can remain in the pledge only if they are not meant to be believed and are a mere historical commemoration of the fact that the founders, deprived of the insight of our ruling Justices, actually believed that this nation was "under God." The same reasoning would apply to the Declaration of Independence, which contains four affirmations of the existence of God. It does not seem to bother the Court that this suspension of judgment on the existence of God results in a governmental preference of agnosticism, which is now recognized by the Court as a non-theistic religion. In line with the Court's reasoning, Nativity scenes have been banned on public property unless presented purely in "a cultural vein." The kindergarten children in the Whitestone case were forbidden to recite, before eating their cookies and entirely on their own initiative, the "Romper Room" prayer: "God is great, God is good. And we thank Him for our food. Amen." In Maryland, every pending criminal indictment in the state was invalidated because the grand and petit jurors were required to take an oath affirming their belief in God. In New York City, Jewish teachers cannot wear the yarmulka in public school classrooms, although the Jewish code of Shulchan Aruch requires that it be worn. In public schools throughout New York State, pupils are forbidden to recite devotionally the last stanza of the national anthem, because it concludes with the hateful phrase, "In God is our trust."

Secularizing Mandates

And so it goes. Moreover, we may fairly expect that the secularizing mandates are ultimately going to be applied to parochial schools receiving government aid where that aid entails substantial public supervision over the use of the funds. Thus, Roman Catholic schools in Brooklyn were allowed to participate in Operation Head Start last year only after they took the crucifixes off the classroom walls and eliminated sectarian and even moral instruction from the school day; it was only at the personal intercession of Sargent Shriver that the nuns were allowed to teach in their habits in their own schools. It is true that in Operation Head Start, unlike the ordinary case of public aid to religious schools, public school children came onto the parochial school premises. But this distinction has no enduring significance. For the courts are likely to

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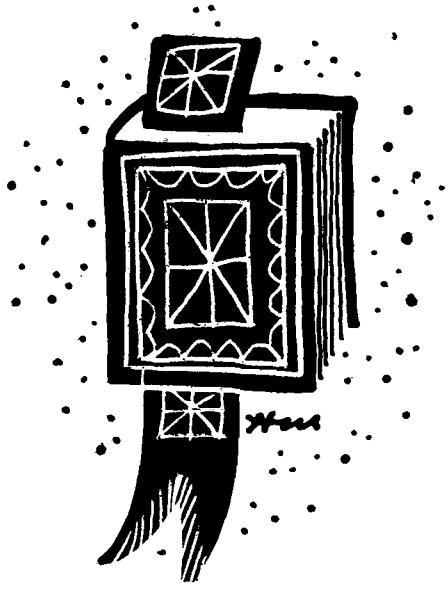
hold before too long that parochial schools receiving substantial public aid are instrumentalities of the state to the extent that they cannot prefer their own parishioners in their admission policies and therefore must open their doors to the community at large. At that point, any difference between public and parochial schools will be of interest mainly to the bookkeepers.

The second trend created by the school prayer decisions is equally dangerous. The issue is whether churches shall be exempt from taxation on their property and income and whether donors to churches will be permitted to deduct their contributions on their own tax returns. (Churches are already, and properly, of course, subject to taxation on commercial enterprises which they conduct for profit.) The Supreme Court has agreed to review a Maryland decision upholding the religious tax exemptions, and the issue may soon be resolved. It is fair to say that the logic and language of the school prayer decisions indicate that religious tax privileges will be sustained only insofar as they benefit the secular activities of religious organizations. Thus a church could be exempt from taxation on a hospital it conducts, because non-profit hospitals in general are exempt. But a church would have no exemption for its church building. Similarly, it would seem that a donor could deduct his contribution to a parochial school only to the extent that it was used for the teaching of secular subjects. One could not, it would seem, deduct a gift used by the school to buy catechisms rather than readers. But suppose the school teaches reading with stories of Christ and the saints?

In the real world today, any significant restriction of the existing tax privileges of churches would drive many out of existence and would greatly hamper the work of all of them. One further effect of the curtailment of tax privileges would be to make the churches increasingly dependent upon government subsidies, which in turn would accelerate the secularization of church-related schools. Incidentally, there is also language in the 1963 prayer decision which could foreshadow an elimination of military chaplains from the public payroll, thus putting an added financial burden on the churches.

The Dirksen amendment is limited in scope and deals only with prayer as such. It might be argued that the amendment creates an implication that because prayer alone is expressly permitted, all other religious prac-



tices and public aids to religion are forbidden. However, the negative language of the proposal ("Nothing in this Constitution shall prohibit . . . .") is sufficient to prevent the application of that technical rule of construction.

Senator Dirksen claims that his amendment is not designed "to reverse the Court" but rather is a "clarification." But regardless of his opinion, the amendment would reverse the Court on the central issue of the school prayer decisions. It would legitimize the official recognition of the existence of God. And while it would not specifically cover tax privileges, chaplains and miscellaneous matters, the Supreme Court has been known in the past to follow the election returns and it is a reasonable expectation that the present members of the Court would get the point. The last sentence of the amendment would not validate an officially-composed Regents' Prayer, but the limited meaning of the word "prescribe" would allow sufficient room for officials to leave the form and content of the voluntary prayer up to a local consensus. And, of course, the First Amendment's protection of the free exercise of religion would not be affected by the Dirksen amendment. No one could be coerced in any way to participate in any exercise. But the amendment would end the present ludicrous condition where a small minority of zealots is enabled to impose its dislike of prayer or of God upon the great majority.

The language of the Dirksen amendment is sound and it is worth supporting. But what are its prospects? Public opinion polls from 1962 to the present time have shown a great majority in favor of prayer in the public schools. The support, however, has been inarticulate and passive. But now, perhaps because of the Vietnam crisis, a groundswell appears to be developing. There is no doubt that, if the amendment reached the floor of the House and Senate, it would pass and would be ratified by the states. For what politician will vote against voluntary prayer? But the question is whether the existing popular support will be strong enough to break the parliamentary barriers in Congress.

There is one factor which may determine the outcome. If the churches, and especially the leaders of the Catholic Church, would support the amendment it would certainly pass. It was the withholding of support by Catholic leaders which played a crucial role in defeating the amendment in 1964. When the Senate Judiciary Committee held hearings in 1962, four Catholic spokesmen, including the representative of Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York, supported the amendment and no Catholic leader opposed it. Two years later, however, when the House Judiciary Committee held its hearings, there were nine Catholics in favor of the amendment (but no representative of the hierarchy, with the exception of Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, whose testimony was bracketed in press accounts with that of Governor George Wallace, who appeared the same day in favor of the amendment). But in those 1964 hearings, there were seventeen Catholic witnesses opposed, including spokesmen for many Catholic periodicals, the lay director of the Legal Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and a couple of lawyer-priests.

The rise in Catholic opposition to the amendment was apparently due in part to a unfounded fear that a prayer amendment would upset the

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existing First Amendment balance on the matter of federal aid to church-related schools. It is not unreasonable to surmise that the opposition was also due in part to a fear that Catholic support of the amendment would antagonize certain elements whose neutrality or support would be necessary for the enactment of a major program of such federal aid. Since then the Church has received its federal aid, through the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. But some Catholic school administrators are beginning to discover that there is no such thing as a free lunch and that government aid brings government control.

The Church's concern about aid to education is understandable. For it is true that a major program of federal aid to public schools only would tend to drive out of existence those private schools excluded from the benefits. But the Catholic Church lobbied informally but effectively for a massive program of federal grants to its schools, and ignored alternative proposals which would have benefited those schools through the allowance of tax credits or tax deductions to parents for tuition paid to the schools. The tax credit or deduction program would have enabled private schools to raise their tuition and would not have entailed significant government controls because the tuition money the schools would have received from the parents would never have been government money. There have been several proposals of this sort in the Congress, including a limited system of "G.I. Bill" type grants to parents whose income is too small to benefit from tax credits or tax deductions. When Senator Abraham Ribicoff proposed the tax deduction idea on the college level, former Commissioner of Education Keppel opposed it because, under it, "We could not accomplish our social objectives." The Catholic Church may be about to learn that the social objectives of the federal bureaucrats do not include an independent system of parochial schools.

The reality of government control as an incident to government aid should surprise nobody. The same tendency is operating in the racial area where among other things it is not overly visionary to foresee that parochial schools in New York State will be subjected, before long, to the arrogant system of artificial racial balancing instituted in the public schools of that state. But what is surprising is that the leaders of the Catholic Church torpedoed the school prayer amendment when it was quite obvious that the combination of the Supreme Court's prayer ruling and a massive program of federal aid would lead inexorably to the secularization of the parochial school.

It remains to be seen whether Catholic leaders will support the Dirksen amendment. Frankly, it does not appear likely that they will do so in significant numbers, although Cardinal Cushing of Boston and Bishop Bernard J. Flanagan of Worcester, Mass., among a few others, have spoken in support of it. The silken threads attached to the handouts are very strong. If support from the Catholic and other churches is not forthcoming the popular pressure on the Congress will have to be overwhelming to achieve success. As a matter of fact, there is a fair chance that it will be strong enough and that we will have a prayer amendment. If we do, and if it is adopted without the support of the leaders of the Catholic Church, the Church will have become irrelevant, and even a negative factor, in a central church-state issue of our day. It may be that some of the leaders of the Church are unduly preoccupied with the construction of buildings which the secularists will control and too little concerned with what is going to be taught to the children in those schools. Bishop Fulton J. Sheen once wrote: "One can almost formulate a law: in days of prosperity, the Church has administrators; in days of adversity, the Church has shepherds . . . . When primacy is given to mortar in the Church, mortals lose their significance."

Those who support the Dirksen prayer amendment should insist that their clerics, of whatever denomination, declare themselves on the issue. And they should demand support from their representatives and senators. The effective groups supporting the amendment are, Citizens for Public Prayer, Box 1776, Rutland, Massachusetts, and Constitutional Prayer Foundation, 903 Munsey Building, Baltimore, Maryland 21202.

IT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

"I honestly believe we may be witnessing the twilight of Federalism."

Senator Sam J. Erwin

There's a time between 40 and 50
When the stenos start calling you Sir;
When you offer a lift to a lady
And you feel like a bloody chauffeur.
It's a difficult time to determine—
When you're suddenly "over the hill."
(Your digestion's in marvelous *order,*
And your're certainly good for a thrill.)
Like the guy with the suit made of bunting:
Man, he figures he's really the tops!
But he's just an incipient fogey
Who'll be giving up Uncle for Pops.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Letter from the Continent

The Afro-Asian Inferiority Complex

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Why, the newspaper reader may occasionally ask himself, do so many Asian and African leaders display such hatred towards Europeans and Americans, as evidenced by their often spiteful, erratic and illogical national policies? Why do they go on courting Peking when it is evident that the Red leaders of the one-time Heavenly Empire despise them? Why, disdaining the sincerely extended hand of the Western world, do they break out in paroxysms of hatred for the people of North America and Europe?

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

The more naive will at once invoke the "evils of colonialism" with its "repression" and "exploitation," despite the fact that the competition between Moscow and Washington—each trying to be more "anti-colonialist" than the other—has made colonialism, as an issue, almost a thing of the past. (Soviet propaganda refers to the colonization of Northern Asia merely as *Osvoyenife,* "incorporation.") Even so, the continued dependence of most of the ex-colonial world upon material and educational aid from America and Europe is decried as "neocolonialism." The Africans and Asians seem to be waiting with baited breath for opportunities to claim that they are being disdained, discriminated against, or enslaved by Europeans and Americans. Real hatred for the peoples of the West is not a rare phenomenon. This hatred is based on some feeling of helplessness, of real or imagined inferiority, and this is precisely what lies at the bottom of a difficult relationship that shows precious few signs of improving.

It is this inferiority complex that unites Africans and Asians (though not all Africans and not all Asians, to be sure). What Black Africa has in common with North Africa and with Asia is not a common civilization, outlook, race or language, but merely an uneasy feeling toward the white West and the lack of that rational, objective realism that distinguishes Western civilization. In this all-embracing uneasiness of Africans and Asians the roots of anti-Europeanism and anti-Americanism are to be found, and it is only a question of time until a similar animosity will be directed against the Russians. But it is well to remember that the African *ressentiment* and its Asian counterpart are woven of two very different weaves.

To the African the white man is still a fabulous creature who can do the most startling things anywhere and at any time. The African is like a child who marvels at the unexpected antics of grown-ups and who unthinkingly adopts their way of life and ideas. European languages are going to prevail in Africa. (Despite the assiduously nourished myth of *negritude* there is no doubt that—neocolonialism or no neocolonialism—Africa will be slowly Europeanized. We think only in terms of language and the languages used in Africa are going to be of European origin. (Limited languages with small vocabularies have little chance of surviving as more than dialects in the modern age.)

Smaller Language Decline

This is true in India where English continues to expand and all local languages (including Hindi, the other official language) are on the defensive. But the analogy must not be overdrawn because India and the rest of Asia view Europe and America in very different terms from the African's. Europe (together with America) is the most recent of the older civilized nations. Japan's culture is only a little younger than that of Greece. The valleys of the Yang-Tse, the Hoang-Ho, the Mekong, the Indus, the Euphrates and the Nile saw flourishing civilizations at a time when our ancestors were still primitives, if not savages. Of course, the Greek foundation, the Roman advance, and the Christian explosion changed all this. Christianity, as a matter of fact, was destroyed in the southern Mediterranean and took hold only with difficulty in the barbaric North, but with the rediscovery of antiquity, with Scholasticism, Humanism and the Renaissance, it produced the modern civilization which—for good or bad—spread throughout the entire globe.

It does not take much imagination to guess how the Asians look at Europeans and Americans. In their eyes *we* are the upstarts, the "newly rich"—common, brutal, materialistic. In Wat Sutat, the temple district of Bangkok, there are terrifying representations of British and Dutch sailors, hydrocephalic monsters with large bulging eyes and hands like suitcases. These statues are over a hundred years old and show us precisely how the Asians saw, and see, the Europeans: the slow-witted, ugly, graceless, heavy, vulgar creatures who can be easily cheated or outsmarted. This makes it doubly hard for the current-day representatives of these old cultures to understand the ascendancy of Europe, the colonialist period, the ubiquity of our machinery, our medicines, our cars, even our songs, dances, languages, manners, customs. How did the West ever come to rule the world? How did it happen that this Benjamin overtook the ancient civilizations? Why do all the nations of the earth imitate our way of life—badly, clumsily, but sometimes even quite shrewdly? This is the puzzle they obviously cannot solve. It creates an inner uneasiness that prevents any real understanding, any rapprochement. Many Americans and Europeans are, after all, quite ready to admire much of what they encounter in Asia; there is genuine readiness to help Asians preserve their ancient values, their ideas, their philosophies, their art, their folklore, all now seemingly menaced by Westernization. But Asia cannot relax. And it is precisely in this tension, this confusion, amid these prejudices, that the propaganda of Peking thrives and flourishes.

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Letter From Australia

A Vital Election

MICHAEL TATLOW

Prime Minister Harold E. Holt stood grinning wryly at the question at Canberra's National Press Club on his return to Australia from the United States and Britain. Just how embracing, the newspaperman wanted to know, had Mr. Holt meant to be when he announced in the United States that he was "All the way with LBJ"?

The question was inevitable. Ever since Holt had used the phrase in front of his delighted host, President Johnson, Australians had been curious.

Most Australians and most of the Australian press support Harold Holt's approval of the bombing of oil dumps in Hanoi and Haiphong. But was their new Prime Minister committing the nation to approval of *any* future U.S. activities in Vietnam? Or matters unrelated to Vietnam? Many echoed the question of the incredulous newspaperman at Washington's National Press Club who, evidently stunned by the novelty of a visiting foreign statesman praising the U.S., wanted to know, wasn't there *anything* Mr. Holt disagreed with in U.S. policy?

Carefully measuring his words, Holt explained that by "all the way" he meant to indicate Australia's full support of the U.S. involvement in Vietnam.

"Mr. Johnson," he said, "has a vigorous mind of his own and he looks for a vigorous exchange of views from those who invoke friendship with him. My government believes Australia is more directly involved in South Vietnam even than the United States itself. We believe that the security of this nation is involved in successfully resisting Communist aggression in that country.

"If it cannot be successfully resisted there, ultimately it will spread through Asia . . . and the kind of world in which we live will be very different. So, when it comes to American participation, American resolution to see the issue through in Vietnam, Australia is undoubtedly [with the U.S.] all the way."

Although he had recently toured Southeast Asia and seen much of South Vietnam, when Harold Holt left for the U.S. and Britain he was still considered by many Australian electors as an uninitiated "new boy," the agreeable, untried politician who had semi-automatically assumed the prime ministership upon the retirement of the patriarchal Sir Robert Menzies last January.

As Treasurer from 1958 on, Holt had attracted considerable American and British investment to Australia. But he operated in Sir Robert's considerable shadow. He lacked Menzies' stature, the elder statesman's self-assurance, and Menzies' remarkable skill at impromptu repartée and debate.

Biggest Challenge Ahead

Harold Holt entered the federal Parliament at the age of twenty-six, representing an electorate in the state of Victoria. In 1940 he enlisted in the Army but was soon recalled to join a government ministry. The handsome Melbourne lawyer held successive ministerial portfolios for sixteen years during which he gained political acumen, learning the ropes under the tutelage of Menzies himself. Then, in 1956, Menzies appointed him deputy leader of the Liberal Party and leader of the House of Representatives. Three years later he was named Treasurer. It was a rapid, if unspectacular rise through the ranks for the heir apparent.

The U.S.-British tour was Holt's first real test abroad. This year's election will be his first real test at home. And the undoubted success of the tour will have a big bearing on the election. Holt has not yet fixed a date for the election but it is freely tipped that it will be in late November or early December.

Australian elections, and the governing machinery, are based on the British system. The Prime Minister is simply the head of the party gaining the most seats in the 124-member House of Representatives, in which the Holt government has a comfortable majority of eighteen seats. Members are elected for three-year terms.

No one watched how Holt fared overseas more closely than Mr. Arthur Augustus Calwell, the wily and unpredictable leader of the Australian Labor Party, which will try to unseat Holt's government in the election. The 70-year-old Calwell, fiercely Australian and a battling politician all his adult life, has been Opposition leader in the federal Parliament for six years.

Now, with Menzies and his awesome father image out of the way, Calwell sees in this forthcoming election his best—and final—chance of victory. He has served notice that it will be one of the bitterest all-out campaigns Australia has known. And Vietnam will be the major issue.

The Liberals recently began selective conscription into the Army for two-year terms of 20-year-old youths, who now constitute about one-third of Australia's 4,500-man task force in Vietnam. (Australia also has 100 military advisers, a squadron of transport aircraft and several medical teams in Vietnam.) The ALP bitterly opposes the sending of draftees to Vietnam. And there is reason to believe that, if elected, the ALP would bring them home, thus seriously weakening Australia's contribution. On this issue, Calwell could rally considerable electoral support.

The ALP of course recognizes the U.S. as Australia's greatest ally. But its vocal and influential left-wing, in which Communist-controlled trade unions are represented, is also very critical of U.S. foreign policy.

From the U.S. point of view, these attitudes in an Australian Labor government could have a damaging effect on the Southeast Asian Treaty Organization (SEATO) and the ANZUS (Australia, New Zealand, United States) Pact, on which America depends so much for Southeast Asian solidarity.

At this point, Holt looks like an easy winner, particularly in view of recent nationwide ruptures within the ALP over domestic issues; open ani-

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Supreme Court Report

The Day They Killed the Constitution

DAVID WARREN RYDER

Washington, D.C. (Special) — The United States Supreme Court yesterday declared the federal Constitution unconstitutional on the ground that it is in direct and complete conflict with the Voting Rights Act of 1965. The history-making decision was unanimous.

Written by Chief Justice of the United States Early Warnin, the Court's opinion was read by him in a vibrant voice to a packed and tense courtroom. It declared that in the light of Gunnar Myrdahl's discovery of "The American Dream," the intent of the Constitution's framers could only be construed to denote that they had no real intent of framing a constitution, and did so merely to pass the time as pleasantly as possible while waiting for Alexander Hamilton to recover from a severe attack of *Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.*

Although concurring in the epochal decision, Associate Justice Wilhelm Dugmoar wrote a separate opinion holding that the unconstitutionality of the Constitution should be made retroactive and *ex post facto* in order to establish instant integration everywhere. This would also mean, his opinion stated, that under the well-established common law doctrines of *jus postliminii, res adjudicata,* and *e pluribus unum,* all those criminals who had been caught and imprisoned would be automatically released *sine die,* having been convicted under laws enacted under an unconstitutional Constitution. In his concurring opinion, Justice Dugmoar cited seventeen pages from *Lady Chatterley's Lover.*

A second separate concurring opinion was written by Associate Justice Eba Satrof, who held that the Constitution was additionally unconstitutional by reason of being at total variance with the Atlantic Charter, the By-laws of Americans for Democratic Action, and the Medulla Oblongata. His opinion cited three chapters from *Catcher in the Rye,* and 26 pages from the *Reader's Digest* condensation of *The Eleanor Roosevelt Story.*

Although Chief Justice Warnin only smiled enigmatically and replied "no comment" when asked by a *New York Times* reporter if he planned to write a new Constitution soon, informed sources here generally believe he has that in mind, and is awaiting only the formal request of Nobel Peace Prize winning Dr. M. Luther King before doing so.

Leading Washington Liberals were unanimous in applauding the Court's decision. Said Rosef F. Jauh Jr., co-founder and President of the Draft Card Burners' Protective Association: "This is it! This is the GREATEST!! This strikes the biggest blow for Peace and Democracy since the censure of Senator McCarthy and Sputnik!"

Senator Yosef Kralc, when informed that the Constitution was no longer around, jumped from his chair and exclaimed: "Wonderful! This is unquestionably the greatest victory for Peace and Democracy since . . . since . . . since . . . the last greatest victory for Peace and Democracy."

The precedent-shattering decision was also highly lauded by Pontifex Walter Pundit, dean of Washington columnists, who had just returned from a conference with God. Said Pundit: "This is superbly superb news. As this columnist was the first to point out over forty years ago in the *New Republic,* the Constitution was never designed to be either here or there, either before or after. I have always held this to be self-evident on the face of it; just as I have repeatedly urged time and again that it be frankly recognized and constructive action taken in depth and at all levels of governance."

In a front-page editorial, signed by all paid-up members of the New York Newspaper Guild not on strike, today's edition of the *New York Times* stated: "Chief Justice of the United States Early Warnin and his dedicated colleagues on the world's greatest judicial tribunal are entitled to the profound and enduring gratitude of the American people all and sundry hither and yon, for yesterday's monumental decision putting human rights above property rights. Speaking for all Americans everywhere, born and unborn, as we ever have and ever shall, we lift our voice in solemn thanks for this great contribution to Democracy and the Free World."

Learning of the Supreme Court's action in overthrowing the Constitution while he was breakfasting on prune juice, hominy grits and hushpuppies at the Texas White House this morning, President Lyndon B. Johnson told a hastily called press conference that since there was now no Constitution, there was now no Supreme Court; and he hardly thought he would need either of them in perfecting and nurturing the Great Society. "With my consensus machine working pretty well, and a high-minded Congress—which knows what side its bread's buttered on—passing into law everything I send it, whatever do I need a Constitution or a Supreme Court for?" he stated.

Asked by a representative of the *Johnson City Zeitung* if what he had just said denoted that he was going to fire the Supreme Court, the Chief Executive replied, with a wink: "Don't need to; it's already fired itself." He stated, however, that since the members of the Court are now unemployed, he may consider giving them job separation pay; either that or an increase in their unemployment insurance—whichever will save the taxpayers more—under his economy program.

When told of the President's statement, Chief Justice Early Warnin said that although, because of his position, he never discussed political matters before twilight, it might be well for the President to give some consideration to what could happen if the Supreme Court declared *him* unconstitutional. The Chief Justice refused to elaborate the point, reminding his questioners that he had already categorically stated that he could not discuss political matters because of his position. Observers remarked as he left the room, that the Chief Justice appeared, for the first time, to be showing his age.

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The "Death of God" Theology—II

Secularization and the Collapse of Meaning

WILL HERBERG

In my first article (August 9, 1966), I endeavored to explain the philosophy underlying the so-called "death of God" theology. In its essentials, the basic position of this way of thinking may be formulated in two propositions:

Herberg

1. In line with the phenomenological approach, it is asserted that God's *being* is His *meaning* and relevance, that God *is* as and what He *means*. This approach, in one way or another, is shared by many vanguard theologians of the day.

2. Whatever meaning and relevance God may once have had, such meaning and relevance (we are told) has collapsed in the modern world, where man has become irretrievably secular. God has lost His *meaning*; He has therefore lost His *being*. Where God once "lived" He is now "dead."

The documentation intended to display the radical loss of religious meaning in the contemporary world, draining it of all sense of the divine, and therefore depriving God of His being, is—so far as the "death of God" theologians are concerned—usually rather superficial, sometimes little more than pseudosociological journalism. Yet there is a strong and impressive intellectual tradition upon which they could draw, and in part actually have drawn. Let us examine some aspects of this tradition for a better understanding of the current "death of God" thinking.

We begin with Friedrich Nietzsche, from whom the phrase, "death of God," actually derives, so far as we use it today. In many ways, Nietzsche was a conventional nineteenth-century atheist; but not in the passages in which he speaks of the "death of God." There he has something very different to say. Here are Nietzsche's unforgettable words in *Die fröhliche Wissenschaft* (The Gay Science, 1882):

> Have you not heard of that madman who lit a lantern in the bright morning hours, ran to the market place, and cried out incessantly: "I am looking for God! I am looking for God!" As many of those who did not believe in God were standing together there, he excited considerable laughter. Have you lost Him then? said one. Did He lose His way like a child? said another. Or is He hiding? Is He afraid of us? Has He gone on a voyage? Or emigrated? Thus they shouted and laughed. The madman sprang into their midst, and pierced them with his glance. "Where has God gone?" he cried. "I shall tell you. *We have killed Him*—you and I. We are all His murderers. . . . God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed Him. How shall we, the murderers of all murderers, console ourselves? That which was holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet possessed has bled to death under our knives—who will wipe His blood off us? With what water could we purify ourselves? . . . " It has been related further that, on that same day, the madman entered divers churches, and there sang a *requiem aeternam Deo*. Led out and quietened, he is said to have retorted each time: "What are these churches now if not tombs and sepulchers of God?"

Despite all the misty visions of the Superman with which this "announcement" of the "death of God" is usually linked, there can be no doubt of the mood in which Nietzsche made this proclamation. Radical despair, bitter indignation! They, these men of the modern world, these "murderers of all murderers," have killed the "holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet possessed!" The "death of God" (perhaps we had better say, the *murdering* of God) is the "darkening of the world" (*Weltverdüsterung*); it is the "desolation of the world" (*Weltverwüsterung*). The proclamation of the "death of God" is, for Nietzsche at least, a bitter outcry in his radical exposure of the degenerate world of his time.

Where the atheist Nietzsche projects indignation and despair, the Protestant theologian, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, finds much to be satisfied with in this new modern world. It is difficult to comment on Bonhoeffer's thought as a whole, since he was not afforded the opportunity of developing it, and giving it integral shape and form: he was executed in 1945, at the age of thirty-nine, for his part in the last conspiracy against Hitler. Yet there are at least three aspects of his teaching that we can see as directly relevant to our inquiry.

The first is Bonhoeffer's teaching about the "world come of age." The modern world, through its technological power and all-pervading secularity, has now, at long last, achieved maturity (*"die mündig gewordene Welt"*); it is self-confident and self-sufficient: it no longer needs God to fill in the gaps in its knowledge and power. The typical man of this "world come of age" is "religionless." He needs no religion: he is autonomous, he "stands on his own feet," he is no longer dependent upon anything beyond himself. Bonhoeffer not only describes the modern world in these terms; he basically affirms this kind of world, because it has, at least, freed God of the degradation of being "used" to make up for human shortcomings, as is the way of "religious" people, he says. In any case, Bonhoeffer's picture of the thoroughgoing secularization of the modern world has, naturally enough, been much utilized by the "death of God" theologians.

Here I must make a critical aside. The notion that, at last, in our time, the world has achieved maturity, and "come of age," is, in Bonhoeffer, only too obviously a remnant of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment. As a matter of fact, almost every age we know of has made this claim, and every succeeding age has rejected the claim with a kind of amused contempt, insisting, of course, that *it*, and not any previous age, was the age of the world's maturity. And so it goes; the whole business is a pitiful illusion, an aspect of utopian thinking. The world will never "come of age" within history, just as it will never achieve perfection within his-

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tory. Nor is our present-day world, or modern man, "religionless" in Bonhoeffer's sense. "Religionless" man, or "religionless" culture, is an impossibility, as both theologians and anthropologists agree. Man is intrinsically *homo religiosus*: religion is a functional prerequisite of society. He may abandon the Christian faith, and lose his Christian consciousness: but that only means that the spiritual void will be filled with a legion of modern idolatries, some of them almost too weird to describe. The kind of autonomous "religionless man" Bonhoeffer talks about, bearing a strange resemblance to Nietzsche's autonomous Superman, is a veritable monster, who never was, and never can be.

But there is a third element in Bonhoeffer's teaching that seems to me to be more serious and more impressive. It is what I would call the teaching about "God-commanded godlessness." Here is what Bonhoeffer says:

> Honesty demands that we recognize that we must live in the world as if there were no God. . . . God Himself drives us to this realization. God makes us know that we must live as men who can get along without Him. . . . We stand continually in the presence of God, who makes us live in the world without the God-hypothesis.

Something, but only something, of what Bonhoeffer means here may be communicated by a well-known Hasidic tale. A Hasidic rabbi (we are told) was once assailed by a devout follower who was always asking questions. "Rabbi," he inquired, "you say that everything God makes is good; why, then, did He make atheism?" The rabbi reflected a little, and replied: "So that, when someone in need comes to you, appealing for help, you won't tell him, 'Go; God will help you; don't you believe in God?' *You* help him yourself, *as if there were no God.* At that moment, be an atheist!"

It should be clear why Bonhoeffer, with his teaching about the "secularized world," "religionless man," and "God-Commanded godlessness," has become a primary source for the "death of God" school.

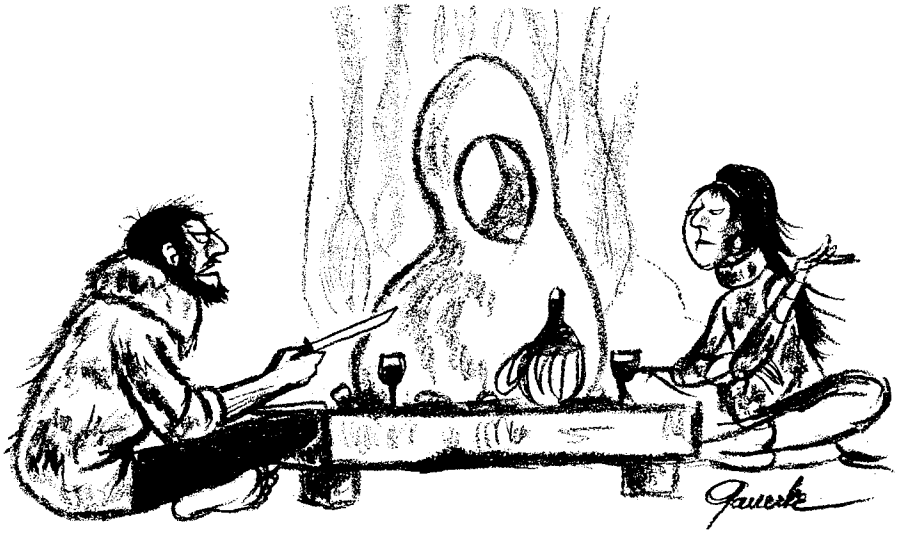
But perhaps the most profound contemporary source is that great philosopher, Martin Heidegger. Heidegger, in a really significant way, harks back to Nietzsche.

Heidegger, for decades now, has been describing this modern age as an age of dry-rot, a wasteland, a meager, bleak, impoverished, sterile age, an age of enfeeblement. It is an age marked by the triumph of technologization and mass society. It is an age in which life is being systematically devitalized by being mechanized, an age in which the human person is being systematically dehumanized by being converted into a faceless unit in a vast anonymous system, an age in which personal authenticity is forever being swallowed up in *das Man* (the anonymous, depersonalized "they": "They say . . .", "That's what they're doing, or wearing, or believing. . ."). From this kind of world, "the gods have fled"; we have driven out the gods, we have left no place for the divine. What can we do but wait for the return of the gods, wait resolutely, wait without manufacturing idols to console us and fill the void? "This is a time of the gods who have fled and of the gods who are coming," Heidegger says. "It is a time which stands in the *no-longer* of the gods departed and the *not-yet* of the gods coming." In such a situation, it is impossible to talk significantly of God and the divine. The only thing to do it to keep silent; any talking about God and the divine in such circumstances could only result in distortion, falsehood, even blasphemy. This is the mood magnificently expressed by Heidegger's beloved poet, J. C. F. Hölderlin (1770-1843). Here are two passages from Hölderlin:

> *Oft must we keep silent;*
> *We lack holy names.*
> *The heart may beat and break,*
> *Yet speech remains unsaid.*
>
> *But alas! our generation walks in the night,*
> *Dwells in hell, without the divine.*

The current "death of God" theology obviously owes much to Heidegger, but unfortunately, with one or two exceptions, it has "superficialized" what it has taken over in the process of taking it over. There is very little of Heidegger's profundity, as there is very little of Nietzsche's radical indignation and despair, in American "death of God" writing.

Nietzsche, Bonhoeffer, Heidegger: much of whatever appeal the current "death of God" theology may have comes from the brilliant and profound critique of the modern world elaborated by these Continental thinkers, and pressed into service, not always very happily, by the so-called "new" theologians. An appeal, in certain circles, the "death of God" theologians certainly do have. But does their theology have any enduring value, or even any value at all? In the final article of this series, I will attempt an overall appraisal, and venture some judgment on this theological movement.



"Not meat loaf again!!"

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Well Worth Paying For

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

All Americans believe in their hearts that they are wizards at recognizing value for their money. Ah such innocence, never more pink and naked than when it comes to paying New York restaurant prices. It is therefore with pleasure that I can report on two eating places in New York where I like to dine and to pay the bill.

The Coach House, 110 Waverly Place, just west of Washington Square, is one of the very nicest restaurant in town in every way. Proof lies in the fact that it is always filled with very presentable and civilized patrons. The Coach House is an American restaurant, which serves American food at its best, which, here, is superb. Aside from steak or seafood houses, a first class American restaurant is as scarce as hen's teeth, especially one that is a restaurant and not a tea-roomy affair. When I have to entertain fussy Europeans who are skeptical about American food, I invariably take them to the Coach House, and what's more, so does the State Department with its foreign VIPs.

The Coach House is not the place to spin a romance with a Lolita or a full-bosomed beauty, but it is one for a most pleasant evening and for festive occasions with friends or business people whom you wish to impress with the soundness of your judgment.

The over-all effect of the place is a warm paneled-walls brown, with colorful sporting paintings, suffused lighting from wide-armed chandeliers, and pink tablecloths and dark-red napkins. What has always impressed me is the spanking freshness of the surroundings. The same is true of the food, which is basically very fresh and of excellent quality; no cooking tricks or saucing up are substitutes for these qualities. The essential freshness of the food is expressed in the salad, which comes automatically with all entrees. The last one I had consisted of Boston lettuce, sharp watercress, tomato slices and utterly delicious tiny black French olives. The dressing was just right, simple, with barely a touch of fresh mint. I think salads are a restaurant's dead giveaway, and good ones are extremely hard to come by. I can quote a list of at least a dozen expensive New York restaurants where Peter Rabbit would not feed the salads to Mr. McGregor.

The Coach House menu concentrates on American favorites like superb beef; I am especially partial to a sliced minute steak James Beard with an utterly delicious mushroom cognac sauce ($5.75 à la carte, with baked potato and salad). The Fisherman's Delight is also outstanding, shrimp and crabmeat sautéed in a

butter sauce that is thin, light and delicate, and quite unlike the gunk which far too many restaurants use for hiding their fish. The desserts are home baked and simply splendid. In winter, there is a Dacquoise, an almond cake with butter cream that is out of this world (the summer is too hot to make it perfectly). In summer, the fruit tarts are made of fresh, uncooked fruit like peaches, sitting prettily on an almond flavored custard, which in its turn, sits on crisp pastry. The chocolate cake was described by my husband as a Queen of Sheba among chocolate cakes.

The restaurant has a very good small wine list, with both California and imported wines (including some excellent vintages) which, wonder of wonders, are very reasonably priced. Many can be had in half bottles. There is a small service bar.

I also want to praise the service, which is very good indeed. The help has been there for ages, and they could not be more attentive.

What's amusing about this American restaurant is that the owner, Leon Lianides, is a Greek from Corfu. This amiable man, sophisticated almost to the point of sadness, also maintains the *Stonehenge Inn,* on route 7 to Danbury, 13 miles from exit 40 on the Merritt Parkway. This is an elegant country establishment, somewhat on the formal side, with divine food along international lines. The chef there is the famous Albert Stoeckli, a Swiss who used to be with Restaurant Associates, redeeming their restaurants from being an interior decorator's mad dream.

Complete lunches at the Coach House are from $2.80, complete dinners from $6.75 for striped bass to $8.50 for roast rack of spring lamb with fresh herbs. Reservations recommended. Phone SPring 7-0303. Closed Mondays.

The *Cedars of Lebanon,* 39 East 30th Street, is a very different kettle of fish, being an informal, family-type Middle Eastern restaurant that serves the best food of its kind in New York. It is interesting, not wild, and not at all greasy, as all good Arab food should be.

Arab food is especially appealing in hot weather, when the appetite sags or when a body suffers from a hangover. The shish-kebab is the best known of Arab meat dishes, but I recommend the meat and vegetable stews and the *kibbee,* the national Lebanese dish which consists of ground lamb baked with bulgar, cracked wheat, with or without mushrooms, eggplant et cetera. Of course the meat is lamb, including its humbler parts such as sweetbreads and hearts, but the lamb here is always young, tender and juicy. There are interesting stuffed vegetables, such as squash, cabbage and grape leaves; and the way to eat these entrees is with homemade *lebban,* or yoghurt, as a sauce.

A meal should begin with arak, the Lebanese pernod which turns milky with water and is much stronger than one thinks, but any other drink can be had at the bar. The appetizers (good for hangovers) are very different. Some are thick dips, such as

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In Memoriam

Edward Gordon Craig

KENNETH PAUL SHOREY

"I always was a little mad. So are most of you, of course, but anyhow I was—as a young man—as a middle-aged man—and now in old age. I therefore beg of you, the sane ones, to deal gently with mad people, so that a coming generation may learn not to be quite so hard on them as my generation has been on us."

Who was Gordon Craig? Easiest to answer, "the son of Ellen Terry," and let it go at that. Truly he was *un homme du théâtre*—no specific occupation. The typographical border which frames an EGC silhouette in the Penguin edition (1948) of his *Designs for the Theatre* reads:

"Edward Gordon Craig practiced several crafts—1889 to 97 was actor; 1893 to 1926 was *metteur-en-scène*, i.e., produced plays and operas; was designer of scenes and costumes; and was wood engraver; composed some tunes; wrote some books; made some etchings 1906 to 12; could not play golf; played football; could row; not shoot; could not cook; could not bind a book; nor understand business; could do nothing with electric wires; is not a printer; could compose a page of type; 1908 to 15, 1918 to 19, 1923 to 29 published the *Mask*."

'I'm Already Dead'

I came in one morning during the summer of 1958—found him dabbing water lightly across his forehead, mumbling angrily into the basin, "Don't know why I bother to wash anymore: I'm already dead."

Bitterness? Yes, it bubbled to the surface now and then. Scarcely a day passed without reference to the fact that Bernard Shaw had no right living to be 94. "But I shall live longer than Shaw! *and* Maugham! *and* Churchill!"

For many years after Craig stopped publishing the *Mask* in 1929, the theater world thought him dead. When *Designs for the Theatre* appeared in 1948, everyone was startled. EGC had been the Oracle of the theater-advancing; no more explicit, sometimes, than oracles usually are, but a prophetic genius nevertheless. The long, solemn-faced file of journalists and assorted snoopers began to march on Vence: Kenneth Tynan among the first; later, Peter Brook, Bernard Miles, the BBC television, all anxious now to glimpse the living Legend at close range.

Some denied Craig's impact upon the twentieth-century theater; others belittled his achievements—said they were purely illusory. His disciples did more to sully the Legend than all the host of his enemies. Very simply, he was good to steal from—as Max Reinhardt and Granville-Barker knew.

But an idea never can be successfully filched, and it was Craig's idea—detractors to the contrary notwithstanding—that precipitated the abortive theatrical revolution of this century. Abortive, because for the past forty years and more, Gordon Craig has been ignored, his idea lost in the apocalyptic shuffle of the age. "This isn't the time for the grass to grow," he would mutter to himself, crouched down at dinner behind the *Daily Mail*.

One night, suddenly, he threw aside his paper and shouted—(he was very deaf): "Pour a glass of wine, Shorey; it *is* Shorey isn't it?—not Shaw I hope, or I should have to ask you to get out of my sight—Did I ever tell you of my adventure in 1935? Well, it seems a certain Signor Colenzo had persuaded Mussolini to produce a grand spectacle at the Colosseum. I was sent for. When I arrived in Rome, Signor Colenzo and his cronies came to greet me.

"'We have got the lions ready—you are to produce for us *Quo Vadis*, and Gigli had been engaged to sing *Ave Maria*. At the grand finale, Rome will burn. You will give us Bengal lights and fireworks.'

"'Get Reinhardt to produce it,' I said, and got back on the train.

"'No, no, Signor Craig—Il Duce is perfectly serious. You must come and give us *Quo Vadis*.'

"'Tell Il Duce that my name is Gordon Craig; I have come to Italy; I have brought plans for a production of the *St. Matthew Passion*.'

"'Oh, Signor, Il Duce will not be pleased: he will not permit it.'

"'Then I am going to Moscow. I have other business. If Mussolini should change his mind, I will come back immediately.'

"When I arrived in Moscow, I went directly to the hotel, took a postcard, and wrote: *Here I am—EGC*. I sent it off the same day. Never heard anything more about it. Perhaps it's just as well: in 1936 the Fascists began to spoil Italy, to hide Italy. I settled in France, at Saint Germain-en-Laye."

In Concentration Camp

In 1940, EGC was arrested in Paris by the Germans, one of five thousand prisoners. Later, released from concentration camp, he drifted south to Vence where for the next ten years he lived in abject poverty. When the *Bibliothèque Nationale* purchased his collection of Craigiana in 1957, the self-exile journeyed straight to Nice for slippers. The old ones, wrapped carefully and sealed in a brown paper bag were bequeathed to the Victoria and Albert Museum with the inscription: "To London—who made the Great Refusal, 1905-1957—EGC."

He spent his last days sitting in the sun, decorating metal cigarette boxes. "Don't think," he said, *"don't think!* It wears out the brain. It has been a long game of Patience—for almost every artist on earth. Fifty years of breaking things up; has this been realized?" His *raison d'être* was to ask that imagination be permitted to rule the world. "We have bargained our senses away to unimaginative reason."

Tossing back his cape, he handed me a copy of the *Listener* to read along the way; scrawled across the margin beside a piece on T. E. Lawrence, the words:

"It's an old story to some of us. The artist in a sea of wordliness, strikes out to gain the land . . . reaches it . . . a desert island . . . breathes . . . and dies."

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Tragic Dilemma

E. H. WALL

The Nazi persecution of the Jews is a theme common to both these books, and both are valuable contributions to our understanding of the background of the Nazi period. Both are also, unfortunately, disappointing, because of a lack of critical perception on the part of their authors.

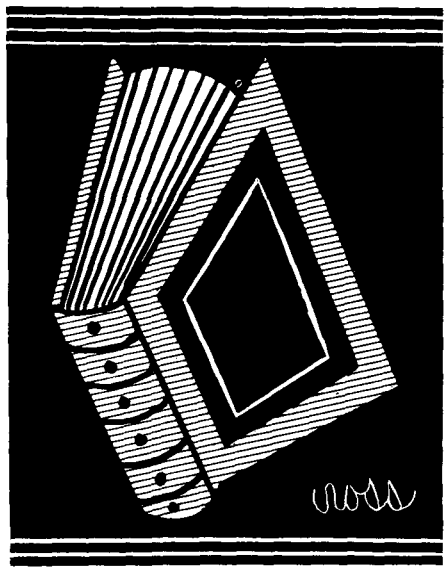
Habe has written an historical novel which he tells us is based on his experience as correspondent for a Prague newspaper, in which capacity he covered the Evian Conference in July of 1938. Representatives of 32 governments met at Evian-les-Bains on Lake Geneva to discuss what might be done to help refugees from Nazi expansion. To this conference (one suspects to torpedo it), the Reich governor of Vienna sent an aged and famous Jewish physician with a secret offer: the Nazis would allow 40,000 Austrian Jews to immigrate to countries whose governments would pay the Reich $250 per head. The doctor, whom Habe says he already knew personally and from whom he gained the inside story, is called Heinrich von Benda here. Having the support of the Jewish community in Vienna for his mission, von Benda anxiously presses his case with the delegates at Evian. It is to no avail. Everyone has good reasons for refusing the Nazi offer. Even the Jewish organizations whose observers are present at Evian are opposed to von Benda's Vienna Project.

The Mission, by Hans Habe. Coward-McCann, $6.00

Pius XII and the Third Reich, by Saul Friedlander. Knopf, $4.95

"Just picture what would happen if the Jewish organizations backed your mission," declares the American rabbi to von Benda. "How could we ever again criticize the relations of the civilized world with Hitler Germany, how could we call for a boycott of German goods, if at the same time we implored the government to trade with Germany in human beings? . . . If we acknowledge the legality of the anti-Semitic measures, even indirectly, we are lost." The rabbi hopes for a conference statement of world opinion which will stop Nazi anti-Semitic activities altogether, and he is not willing to blunt the moral edge of such a statement by having the Evian governments trade with the Nazis in flesh. He will not, for 40,000 Jews, jeopardize all the rest of European Jewry.

This is possibly the first historical instance of that tragic dilemma of the-few-and-the-many which the Nazis later forced on others, such as Pius XII and, quite possibly, Jacob Gens, the leader of the Wilna ghetto who was accused of "collaborating." The form of the dilemma varies: here



it takes the form of the question: Should you try to save the few that you know you can, even at the risk of jeopardizing all the rest; or should you, in the hope of saving all, risk all, including those few?

Von Benda symbolizes the first alternative; the American rabbi, the second. Each has good reasons for taking the position that he does, just as the nations at Evian had good reasons for taking the positions that they did in rejecting the Nazi offer. Here is the kind of situation in which everybody is in some sense right, in which the conflict is not between good and evil, right and wrong, but between good and good, right and right. Here, in short, is a *tragic* situation that might have been worked into a really great novel.

Habe, alas, cannot see this. Confronted with material that begs for rendering as high tragedy, he lacks the sensitivity to discern the potentialities of the material and ends in Hochhuth fashion by writing a mere moralizing melodrama. For Habe, von Benda is the good guy and his opponents are accomplices of the Nazis, men guilty of *complicity-by-apathy*. The material, however, is too strong in itself to be reduced to that, and enough comes through the text to indict the author for never having risen above an early chorus-eye-view of what was really taking place at Evian in that hot summer of 1938.

Friedlander's book, despite its title, is not the story of Pius XII and the Third Reich. It is a collection of quotations from documents and other books, interspersed with the author's comments and conjectures. What is particularly valuable about the work is that some of the material reproduced is hitherto unpublished diplomatic correspondence between Nazi ambassadors at the Vatican and the Wilhelmstrasse Foreign Office in Berlin during the period 1939-1944. The documents that survive from those ruined archives are interesting in themselves. They are, however, incomplete and the reader is placed in the position of reading Browning's "My Last Duchess" with lines and perhaps even whole sections omitted.

PRESUMABLY to remedy the obvious deficiencies of the Nazi documents, and to try to live up to the ambitious title that he has set on his book, the author also throws in quotations from other documents (e.g. from the Zionist Archives in Jerusalem) and from other books (e.g. Jacques Nobecourt's *Le Vicaire et l'Histoire*).

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It is in doing this that he gets into trouble. Obviously he cannot reproduce all the documents, all the facts, all the data relevant to his announced subject. He has to make selections. But the act of selection is, conversely, the act of exclusion. To select one thing is *ipso facto* to exclude the others one does not select. Thus Friedlander has already come under attack from the Jesuit historian Robert Graham for having omitted important documents. Inevitably, it must appear that he is not engaged in an objective scholarly inquiry so much as in grinding an ax. The impression is reinforced by his assertions that he is but commenting "on the documents," while he quite glides over the fact that he has antecedently selected the document upon which he is now going to comment.

Although the author speaks of Pius XII and the Third Reich, it is apparent that his main concern is with the question of why Pius did not speak out as brazenly as the massed bells of all the cathedrals of Christendom after the Nazis began the systematic extermination of the Jews in 1942. At least the reviewer can find no other reason for his devoting several pages of quotation to the impressions of a Vichy French diplomat on the theological position of the Catholic Church (including the position of St. Thomas Aquinas) *vis-à-vis* the Jews. The author (for reasons utterly unknown) thinks that this is important enough to devote space to, but oddly reduces to a footnote on page 222 the report of Angelo Roncalli (later John XXIII) that his numerous activities to help the Jews were made at "the instance of the Pope," at the instance of Pius XII. Other examples of "selectivity" can be cited.

It is not surprising that in concluding his book the author writes: "At the end of this study, which claims to be nothing more than an analysis of documents, I cannot make any definite answer to the questions raised by the wartime policies of the Holy See toward the Third Reich because I have only incomplete documents at my disposal." Why did he bother writing the book? Why did he not wait until he *had* more material and could venture *definite* answers, rather than rush into print now with nothing more than conjectures and insinuations? Scholarship has all of time in which to reach its conclusions, even if Friedlander does not.

The Holy-Fox

SIR SHANE LESLIE

MACAULAY would have made a wonderful review out of this fine book, which intimately touches one of England's last historical characters. Dealers in the lying or laudatory art of biography will award it a very high place for truth. The author has opened the soul and mind of an English statesman, leaving no facts, and even few questions, for the Day of Judgment. The documentation is colossal, sometimes exhilarating, sometimes appalling.

Edward Wood was raised by a severe, loving Victorian father whose title he inherited to be mocked by politicians as the Holy-Fox. Halifax, I add, is medieval for Holy-Faex, the Holy Trees, so-called from a relic of the Virgin. His father spent a lifetime mediating the Church of England with Rome, half a century ahead of Pope John XXIII. The good man was plagued like Job by Satan. His three oldest sons died young and the fourth, Edward, was born without a hand. Unlike the similarly afflicted Kaiser, he did not care and became a superb horseman.

Anglo-Catholic religion sank deeply in the family. It began with Newman and Keble at Oxford. Newman agonized his road to Rome. The Halifaxes stuck with Keble. The father appealed to Pope Leo XIII to unite Christendom by accepting Anglican Orders, much as the son was to appeal to Gandhi to unite black and white in India. When he accepted the Viceroyalty of India, he looked on assassination as a step into Heaven. Religion enabled him to get as far as the Western ruler could go eastward. Sir John Lawrence, who ruled India in the Mutiny, had written to the Halifax of the day in 1858 of a Hindu astrologer foretelling that one of his kin unborn would succeed as governor of India. The English occasionally accept astrology like religion, but not without really believing either.

Wood became Lord Irwin and at a momentous turn of time faced the triple-headed problem of Hindu, Moslem and Untouchable. Conscientiously he took his own line, but was he representing his Emperor or his God? Probably the latter. When the Maharajah of Alwar offered him the same kind of chased rifle he had given Reading, his predecessor as Viceroy, he refused it. Conscience came first when dealing with Indians or politicians at home. Slowly making up his mind, he visited every corner of India as far as the Northwest frontier where Pathans, Afghans and Russians crouched in the mountains like wild beasts. Some of the anecdotes he collected there surpass Kipling at his weirdest.

Careless of critics at home, he returned to become Chamberlain's Foreign Secretary. From Delhi to Munich he shared in two historic settlements, which seemed surrenders to Gandhi and Hitler. He remained passive, impassible. He seemed willing to bow to the ground when peace or appeasement were possible. Was he duped or doped when, after three hours with Hitler, he commented: "He struck me as very sincere and believing everything he said." Eve might have made the same comment about her interview with the Serpent. In the end Chamberlain and Halifax (as he had become) caught at a dubious apple of peace and chewed it to the bitter core. Halifax simply failed to believe that the Old Testament variety of Evil still lurked on earth. As a Foreign Secretary he was the opposite of Palmerston, who would have expected the crawling to take place on English soil. ("Pam," an adulterer at eighty, was different in every way.)

THE BUSINESS GREW more horrid when Halifax was required to badger the Czechoslovaks to surrender their freedom and defenses for peace's sake and even to persuade France to annul her treaty with that unhappy folk who had kept all theirs. Poland had never suffered such a torturing partition. Nothing was left them but to be crushed. England's repute was tarnished beyond repair and France's system of alliances destroyed. Eng-

Halifax, by the Earl of Birkenhead. Houghton Mifflin, $8.50

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land once went to war to protect small nations. She now tried to save herself from war by giving the "land of St. Wenceslas and John Hus" into slavery.

Halifax's excuse was that he obeyed Chamberlain, and Chamberlain obeyed the sullen but pacifist majority of England. Chamberlain was in a hurry to discuss the transfer of territory. The thumb-screwing of Benes provided him with a written surrender countersigned by France and England, ahead of Hitler's timetable. Hitler expected those valiant powers would encourage a fight, enabling him to enter by force of arms. Balked of a merry mess of blood, he demanded immediate occupation. Chamberlain sent back to Halifax what our author calls "the understatement of the century" in the simple words, "First meeting unsatisfactory!" The Crucifixion might have been similarly reported to the worried Pilate thus: "The soldiers have supplied the unfortunate Victim with the best vinegar."

It was now a question how much Chamberlain would pay for peace—even for a year. Hitler mimicked him with indecent glee, much as he later danced a macabre hornpipe over the fall of France. Alex Cadogan, warden at the Foreign Office, was horror-struck when he realized that Hitler had hypnotized Chamberlain, who in turn had hypnotized Halifax, whose conscience, however, began to work. After a sleepless night he admitted Cadogan's protest. Chamberlain to *his* horror found Halifax had changed front, if there was any front left at all.

THIS BOOK heavily condemns but no less excuses. The reader at the expense of 600 vivid pages can decide Halifax's place in history. The author leaves nothing to the waste-paper baskets, as historians will discover. Whitewash is supplied, friends and foes are duly squeezed, and even the bones of history called documents are licked dry. He exposes Halifax's virtues and, as he had no vices, his political gangrene: the hideous tale of how the dictators were appeased. We are asked, what else could Englishmen have done when it appeared that neither France nor Russia would buckle down to their former alliances? Even if Poland or Czechoslovakia had then been willing to fight, a year was needed for England's arming. So the price was paid. Halifax only begged Chamberlain to put Churchill into a last-hour Cabinet, as the two ministers continued to tread their nightmare.

Chamberlain eventually writhed himself into cancer and was much to be pitied. Halifax survived to be Churchill's lieutenant. Faced by two horrible choices he felt no fault to confess. Behind the blackest clouds God was marching along all right, but it was hard for those who had to be blacked out. When the English discovered that their ministers had thrown these small nations out

Random Notes

● BOOKS: Among the season's predictables in the novel line are Edwin O'Connor's *All in the Family,* about some rich Irish-Americans with political ambitions (Little-Brown, September, $6.95); Robert Gover's *Poorboy at the Party,* about an orgy (Trident, September, $4.95); Stephen Longstreet's *Pedlock and Sons,* about *another* branch of that busy family (Delacorte, October, $5.95); Allen Drury's *Capable of Honor,* about Washington, what else? (Doubleday, September, $6.50); Mika Waltari's *The Roman,* about a Roman (Putnam, September, $6.95) and F. Van Wyck Mason's *Wild Horizon,* about 1779 (Little-Brown, September, $6.95).

For readers disenchanted with such hardy perennials, the publishers have *In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash,* a story of life in the Thirties by *Playboy*'s nostalgist-in-residence, Jean Shepherd (Doubleday, October); *Girl with a Zebra,* a comic piece with a Harvard-Radcliffe setting by Perdita Buchan, John's granddaughter (Scribner, October); Theodore Isaac Rubin's *The 29th Summer,* portrait of a girl nearing thirty (Trident, October, $3.95), and *The Mask of Apollo,* by Mary Renault, wherein a tragedian of the fourth century B.C. gets involved with Plato and politicians (Pantheon, Fall).

A fine crop of travel books is due this fall, among them *The Peoples of Kenya* by Elsa's friend Joy Adamson, who lived there 25 years (Harcourt, October, $8.95); Thomas Molnar's *South West Africa: The Last Pioneer Country* (Fleet, August, $4); a words-and-pictures tribute to *The Fountains of Rome* by H. V. Morton (Macmillan, September, $12.95); *Los Angeles,* six sketches by the *New Yorker*'s Christopher Rand (Oxford, November, $5) and the late Robert's *Ruark on Hunting,* a safaris-I-have-took sort of thing (New American Library, November, $7.50).

● MOVIES: The Canadian government is eyeing the scripting of *Sink the French Navy,* a spoof in which Quebec separatists swipe a destroyer and become a major naval power. Film is one of 35 recommended for government subsidy, to produce in 1967. . . . *Marat/Sade,* directed by Peter Brook and with a cast from the London and Broadway stage versions, has been filmed in a record fifteen days and will be released here by United Artists. . . . American-International's *Rocket to the Moon* will feature Bing Crosby as P. T. Barnum; same firm will soon release what it calls a "protest" film for the teen market: *The Wild Angels,* story of a nasty motorcycle gang starring Peter Fonda and Nancy Sinatra. . . . Thanks to a policy change, *Is Paris Burning?* will have German and French actors' voices dubbed in English for the U. S. showings. Original plan was to have everybody speak his own language. Release date is now November 9. . . . Barry M. Kirk has sold his rights to (all 41) Tom Swift books to 20th Century-Fox, for whom he will co-produce a Swift film with Saul David next year. The deal includes TV series and merchandising rights, so today's junior Batmen may be whining for genuine electric runabouts a year or two hence.

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of the retreating sledge to the wolves, they (or rather their King) changed the driver. As a result England enjoyed the grim satisfaction of staying alone under Churchill. They left the French where the French left them and began mounting the ladder of heroics mixed with disasters—their traditional fare. As far as honor mattered, the Blitz proved better than Vichy. Paris saved her beautiful skin, but London's ash-heap needed no liberation.

The Holy-Fox stole away into a convenient burrow. Churchill sent him to Washington as Ambassador to divert the American people, while he himself tackled their President. English twin diplomacy was as simple as that.

THE LIFE OF HALIFAX is worth studying, for America could not produce his type even with the centuries. The Rhadamanthine biographer leaves the reader admiring but puzzled. God knows truly the uses of such a man as Halifax, but we can only guess.

Men and Ideas

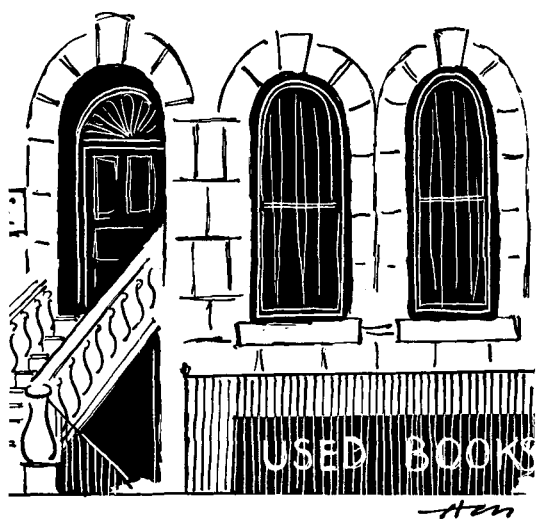
Puritanism Moribundus

JEFFREY HART

AT ONLY ONE POINT do I find that Harvey Cox, the modish Harvard theologian, can command assent—his enthusiastic acceptance of modern technology and his sense of its genuine possibilities. He responds imaginatively to the world of the "switchboard" and the "cloverleaf," by which he symbolizes, respectively, electronics and modern transportation.

Much of this technological culture is indeed good, and has its own grace and clean beauty. Conservatives, committed to values and doctrines inherited from the past, have sometimes translated this commitment into an affection for the archaic: I myself plead guilty. But a year of living in England has impressed upon me the fact that there is nothing at all conservative about stagnation and inefficiency, however quaint, and that a cathedral or a castle from which the vital spirit has departed is just a sort of souvenir. Conservatism is a matter of moral and intellectual continuity, and there is no reason to suppose that a man cannot operate a computer and travel in jet airliners and still embody that continuity. Some of our most profound and religiously most orthodox conservatives, such as T.S. Eliot and Hugh Kenner, have also possessed the most modern sensibilities, capable of accommodating Pound and Aquinas, Brancusi and Pascal.

Apart from its affirmation of modern possibility, Cox's *The Secular City* (Macmillan, $1.45) is a most depressing performance, and its vogue, together with that of Robinson, Bonhoeffer, Altizer, Van Buren and the other "new" theologians, raises serious questions about the moral and intellectual health of contemporary Protestantism. If indeed it is they who express its essential spirit, then Protestantism, having begun as a rejection of Rome, is ending, through a series of further negations—most of them incoherent and baseless—as a rejection of Christianity itself.



Cox's thesis can be stated briefly. Because science, technology and urbanization have radically altered our way of life, it follows that our beliefs must be altered, too. Cox is the crudest of economic de-

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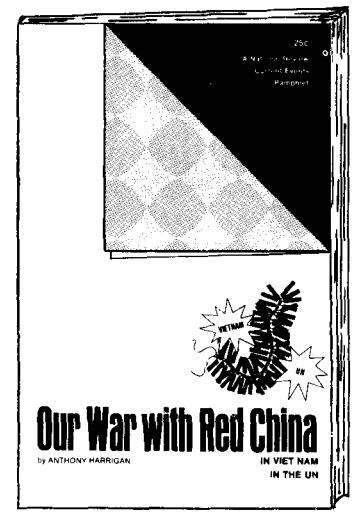

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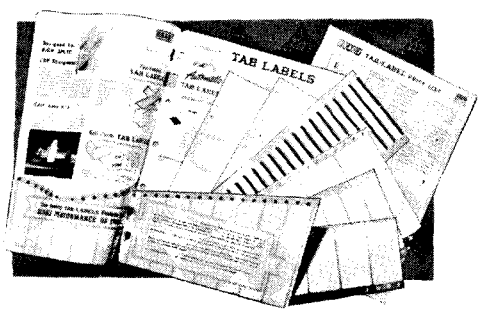

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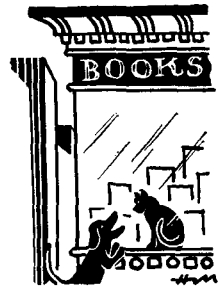
terminists. "When man changes his tools and techniques, his ways of producing and distributing the goods of life, he also changes his gods." The implications of this are breathtaking. St. Paul, St. Thomas, George Herbert, Newman, and T.S. Eliot not only worshiped the same God but exhibit great doctrinal continuity. Are we to conclude that they belonged to similar economies?

Cox's prescription, disguised as historical "analysis," is mere *Zeitgeist* worship—one of the lowest forms of power worship, because the power is so anonymous. Scientific achievements are impressive, he argues, and "technopolitan culture is the wave of the future," and *therefore* (spurious entailment) "any meaning to be found in this world originates in the world itself." If the masses are distracted and bemused, *it follows* that Tillich is wrong to suppose that it is natural to man to ask questions about ultimate meaning, and *it follows* that religion, metaphysics, and the transcendent are "disappearing forever." The fact is that Cox cannot think, and simply does not know whether one proposition entails another or just happens to lie next to it on the page.



His cultural style, moreover, is that of the complete Philistine, and despite the "erudition" with which his book bristles one sees that this ambitious seminarian is not much at ease with high culture. He quotes everybody, ludicrously identifying each name. We hear about "the contemporary German theologian Rudolph Bultmann," "A. E. Taylor, the distinguished British Plato scholar," "the Spanish philosopher Miguel Unamuno," and "Jose Ortega y Gasset, the Spanish philosopher." On it goes. One waits for "Shakespeare, the playwright." We are also informed, to our surprise, that "Henry James is nearly as famous for his travel diaries as he is for his novels and essays." Cox's visits to cultural authority are consistently farcical.

And there are howlers of other kinds, such as his statement that "romanticism and reaction often stroll hand in hand" (no more often, of course, than romanticism and revolution; or classicism and reaction or

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revolution), or his Teachers College reference to "early toilet training" as one of "the forces which impair human responsibility." Cox also drops naturally into the role of Solemn Ass, and can gravely inform us that Miss America contestants, in their supposed uniformity, "bear an ominous similarity to the faceless retinues of goose-steppers." Come off it, Harvey.

Cox's Christianity, as might be expected, has virtually no substance. He interprets the Gospels merely as urging hospitality to change, and depends for his so-called "theology of change" upon an analogy between the change from the old Hebrew dispensation to the new Christian one and the changes currently called for by technological development. But this analogy is merely formal: both, indeed, are changes. So what? Surely one can be hospitable to desirable changes and alert to urban needs without reference to Jesus or the New Testament. Cox's "Christianity" adds nothing here, and his attempt to endow it with some shred of secular relevance is ignominious.

THE THEOLOGICAL EMPTINESS of Cox's position points to a fundamental truth: there is no "new" Christianity. The bare bones of the problem remain what they were for those who heard St. Paul in the Areopagus. Does God exist? Did the events of Christ's life really occur as claimed? The honest man faces these questions with as much philosophical and historical discipline as he can muster. If he answers them affirmatively, it would be irrational for him to talk about the "disappearance" of religion, metaphysics, and the transcendent. If his answer to either is no, it is nonsense for him to go about claiming to be a Christian. On the evidence of this book and similar ones I doubt that Cox or the other campus Kierkegaards could make much of a showing on the philosophical arguments or on the issues of historical scholarship.

Theologically, then, *The Secular City* has no value at all. But it does have a political message. Whereas in the past, says Cox, men "spoke of God" religiously and metaphysically, we now are to "speak of Him" politically (and preferably without mentioning His name). What does this mean? Cox makes much of his claim to be an ethical relativist, but, as Frederick D. Wilhelmsen shows in a

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short but eloquent counterblast, *Cox's Secular City—City of Night,** Cox is here characteristically disingenuous. Speaking of God politically means to Cox (though he is vague and guarded) working for "peace," contributing "to justice in a world stalked by hunger," "hastening the day of freedom in a society stifled by segregation," backing "the freedom revolution in America." Speaking of God thus means supporting Cox's favorite political programs, and, far from being a relativist, he wishes to give the sanction of the absolute to routine leftist activities.

He doesn't of course, mention "speaking of God" by defending South Vietnam; he thinks that the East European regimes are desirably in advance of the West as far as secularization is concerned; he hopes that *we* [sic] will be "able to break out of the restrictions which now prevent us from sending food to China and Cuba." Not surprisingly, there is an explicit streak of philo-Marxism in his political amalgam.

And *this* sort of thing, reportedly, is being acclaimed in the seminaries. "Protestant faith," commented *Time* recently, "now means not intellectual acceptance of an ancient confession, but open [?] commitment—perhaps best symbolized in the U.S. by the civil rights movement—to eradicating the evil and inequality that beset the world." On Cox's showing, this seems true; and if it really is true, then Protestantism is no longer Christianity and might as well close up shop and dissolve into Liberalism, or worse.

In *Cox's Secular City—City of Night,* Wilhelmsen convincingly demonstrates Cox's spiritual and intellectual filiation. He is gnostic ("a textbook case") in his divinization of the historical process, and Manichean in the total disjunction he insists upon between God and the world, spirit and matter, Heaven and earth, church and state. In its terrible simplifications, Cox's mentality is deeply hostile to the "both/and" which is fundamental to the spiritual order of the Christian West. Indeed, it sees that order merely as a barrier to an impossible purity and an illusory freedom. One imagines, however, that Cox would probably take Wilhelmsen's accurate description of him as a compliment. An individual who openly and arrogantly regards the entire tradition of Christian thought since the second century as merely an error would certainly be unmoved by the charge of heresy.

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Movies in Brief

RICHARD HODGENS

BORN FREE. Elsa the lioness, born free, is last seen living free, after living as a pet, then being painfully untamed because Joy Adamson (Virginia McKenna) cannot bear to think of her living in a zoo. *Born Free* was barely made, on account of obvious difficulties, but Miss McKenna and her husband, Bill Travers, were willing to consort with lions and the result is not a great disappointment except perhaps for the lions, who now live in zoos: the difficulties are only slightly apparent. The score is intrusive, the narration flat, and the whole naturally formless, but the cast is excellent and very little in the movie looks forced. One is inclined to believe the concluding announcement, "This is a true story." Gerald L.C. Copley adapted the book, and James Hill directed.

KHARTOUM. Mohammad Ahmad, the Mahdi, threatens Khartoum, and the English are obliged to do something. "I shall entertain suggestions as to how," says Mr. Gladstone, and somebody says, "Gordon." It sounds a bit like one of those mock-heroic movies. What can a movie do with a real hero, when heroes are supposed to be a joke? Just to be sure we know that this is serious, *Khartoum* wastes precious time casting doubt upon its hero's heroism, asking such questions as "vanity or vision?", implying deep mysteries of character (but every character is mysterious; why concentrate on common mystery?), before Gordon's failure is quite certain and he can be compared with Christ. (". . . I am not Jesus Christ," he says. You can not miss the point.) In spite of this banality of concept, Robert Ardrey's script is more accurate and more interesting than most historical spectacles. The complicated exposition may be bald, but it is interesting in itself. Sending Gordon with one aide to Khartoum is a gesture that becomes an irretrievable sacrifice. He will not leave, and while he lives he almost intimidates the Mahdi, and almost shames Gladstone into following the gesture through. . . . Ralph Richardson is Gladstone. Charlton Heston is Gordon. And Laurence Olivier is the Mahdi, who smells the odor of evil in Gordon's presence and obviously is the Devil himself. As drama, this is extraordinary for a film. As film, unfortunately, *Khartoum* is not otherwise distinguished, except for the travelogue made by Eliot Elisofon that serves as preface. The usual sort of Cineramic violence was made by Yakima Cannutt, and Basil Dearden made the rest of the movie. Julian Blaustein produced.

HOW TO STEAL A MILLION. A romantic comedy about a theft, light and pleasant entertainment. . . . Or is it the air-conditioning? The air-conditioning at Radio City is well tempered, and the picture is hard to remember, but I suppose it is harmless. Audrey Hepburn's father has a famous collection of masterpieces, all forged, mostly by himself. The Cellini Venus, on loan to a museum, is to be examined. Her grandfather made the Venus, and his work will not bear scrutiny. Her father is haunted by the fate of Hans van Meegeren. Luckily, she has taken Peter O'Toole for an art thief. . . . The stars, advertised as "ingratiating," make very fey thieving lovers. "Yours

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is a capricious nature," he says to her. "You really are the smuggest and most hateful man," she says to him. He is right, and she is not far wrong, and there is not much else to say about them, or anything else. *How to Steal. . . .* is one of those movies where almost everything seems superfluous, though almost nothing seems objectionable. Harry Kurnitz wrote, and William Wyler directed.

ENOUGH ROPE. French Hitchcock, a tangle of Immorality, with the actually guilty and the "morally guilty" hanging each other. Gert Frobe, here resembling a bloated, beached shark, plays a man who actually murders his wife and gets away with it until an admirer (Maurice Ronet) almost imitates his method and a diabolical inspector (Robert Hossein) begins to pursue the parallels. At the end, only the inspector gets away with it, and one may infer not only that no one is without guilt, but also that the police ought not to meddle in these matters. Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost adapted Patricia Highsmith's *The Blunderer,* and Claude Autant-Lara directed. The script may get a bit thick, but at least it has substance to start with. The direction is admirably old-fashioned, cool and even —except for editorial comment at the end.

THE ENDLESS SUMMER. Not an attractive title this summer, but the movie is an oddment with a lot of beautiful surf to watch—though surfers tend to get in the way. Not to be confused with such "teen-age" oddments as *Winter A Go-Go, The Endless Summer* is documentary—real surfers on a real trip, following summer in search of perfect surf, filmed in color and narrated by a real zealot named Bruce Brown. Some of Brown's artistic eccentricities can be irritating, but then, they can be ignored, and meanwhile there is surf on beaches in California, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti and Hawaii.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

LIGHT ON C. S. LEWIS, edited by Jocelyn Gibb (Harcourt, $3.95). Of the essays—or character studies—that make up this book, four (I should say) are of primary importance for an understanding of C. S. Lewis, and all the rest, with one exception, are at the very least enlightening. The one exception—and it should be at once disposed of—is the piece by Stella Gibbons (herself an admirable writer) on Lewis' fiction. It is difficult to see why she was asked to contribute, not only because she alone of the contributors was personally unacquainted with Lewis, but also because she seems intent on emphasizing either the wrong things (Lewis' picture of Father Christmas in the first of the Narnian books), or the right things (Lewis' medievalism or his Englishness) in the wrong way ("tea, the embodiment of cosiness")—to put it briefly, the experiment of including an "outsider" is not justified by the result.

→

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But this is to spend too much time on a small fault, and in any case much of what she says is well taken. It is, however, the personal memoirs by Owen Barfield and Nevill Coghill (old friends both), and John Lawlor (a former student), along with the appreciation of his work by J. A. W. Bennett, his successor at Cambridge, that give the book its great value. All four of these essays, together with Walter Hooper's excellent bibliography, make this a book any admirer of Lewis should own. He should however buy the English edition (Geoffrey Bles, 16s) rather than the overpriced American one, which is typographically an exact duplicate. Until a full and imaginative study of Lewis is produced, this book will do very well, and even when it is produced, this will not be altogether superseded.

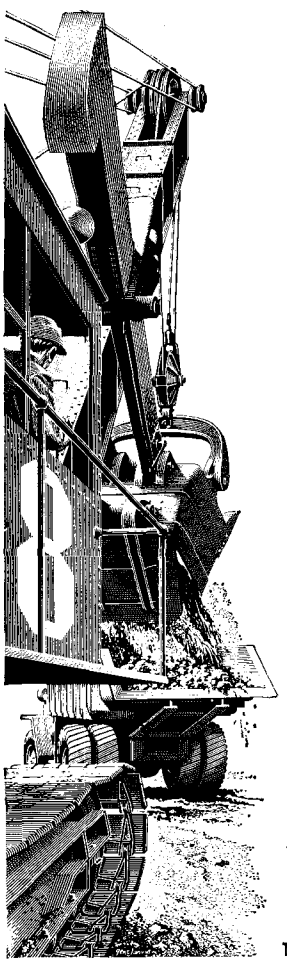
J. C. LOBDELL

MY TURN, by John O'Hara (Random House, $4.95). This is a collection of fifty-three pieces by the author of *Butterfield 8* and *Pal Joey*, written during his year's stint as a syndicated weekly columnist. These essays (for what else is a first-rate columnist except an essayist with a deadline?) deal *pro* and *con* with any number of issues and individuals, such as Churchill, Goldwater, Buckley, conservatism and—horror of horrors—cigarettes (*pro*); as well as Gore Vidal, adult LBJs, the gun bill, honorary degrees and the Community Chest (naturally, *con*). Mr. O'Hara wields a mean typewriter with an acid-soaked ribbon. As he says in his lead-off column, "Timidity of opinion will get you nowhere and writing for anyone's approval but your own will get you there fast." He writes 'em as he sees 'em and I doubt if anyone but The O'Hara himself would agree one hundred per cent with his opinions and conclusions. However, even when you disagree, you'll enjoy his juicy style and hope some syndicate has the good sense to get Mr. O'Hara back into the newspaper business for the eleventh time. *My Turn* may not be deathless prose, but nobody could call it lifeless.

J. D. KIRWAN

EYE ON CUBA, by Edwin Tetlow (Harcourt, $5.95). The *London Daily Telegraph*'s American correspondent has written an excellent personal history of Cuba under Castro. Edwin Tetlow's initial contact with the Cuban Revolution was a chance assignment to Havana on New Year's Eve, 1958, and he demonstrates that numerous trips to Cuba since then have given him a solid acquaintance with recent Cuban events and characters. He writes with an entertaining style, marked by flashes of wit and a healthy dose of skepticism. Tetlow belongs to the Revolution Betrayed (modified) school of Cuban theorists. His thesis is that Castro never was a Communist, that his naiveté and flagrant incompetence as an administrator permitted the Communists, spearheaded by Blas Roca and Che Guevara, to move in and take over. Castro's continued hold on power, Tetlow believes, is due to his charismatic power over the Cuban masses and to American policy, "which was never ruthless enough or even sufficiently definite and determined to knock him off." The Cuban government today and its Maximum Leader, Tetlow insists, are undergoing a slow but steady process of disintegration. He thinks the government is more concerned with propping up an ailing economy than with stimulating revolutionary fervor at home and abroad. However, the recent Havana Tricontinental Conference and the stark fact that Communist regimes have shown an unpleasant inability to wither away (despite the most learned analyses as to why they *should* do so) casts considerable doubt on Tetlow's hopeful observation.

J. B. BENDER



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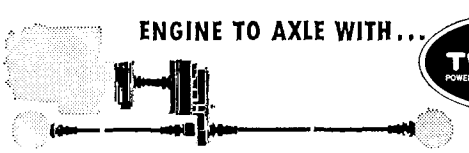

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (AUGUST 9)

(Frank K.) Whitney

(THE IMPACT OF THE) TOTAL REDEVELOPMENT (OF CITIES):

Until the Industrial Revolution, the European city existed for essentially one reason—protection. People had to come in from the fields at night to keep from getting killed. Today we leave the city at night for the same reason.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

A. First woman Cabinet member (in Labor)

B. The law of hitchhikers (3 wds.)

C. Friend of the underdog (according to Morley)

D. What Bill Wambsganss got (2 wds.)

E. An ornament common in early English Gothic architecture

F. A Texas cattle owner who did not brand his calves (does Bardot brand hers?)

G. Formed by collection of particulars into a mass or sum

H. An Act dealing with labor relations (its coauthors)

I. An Act dealing with labor relations (its coauthors)

J. A close-fitting knitted jacket (3 wds.)

K. Anything out of its normal place

L. Character in "The Rivals"

WORDS

5 201 51 45 185 172 224 117 229 210 60

64 78 239

238 149 154 203 4 132 24 197 227 179 90

21 115 167 14 80 207 104 143 134 164 1

173 25 237 150 235

40 86 3 174 232 156 168 19 166 180 136

12

73 20 37 6 56 91 30 103

79 122 39 157 137 153 212 68

95 35 98 146 82 107 126 46 138

112 38 99 169 47 65 221 130 120 13 133

181 92 83 194

131 182 236 52 7 198 41 66 155 15 93

140 57 127 94 100 76 53 176 31 84

147 16 102 32 59 96

158 67 135 97 189 121 17 217

DEFINITIONS

M. A disease in which the skin is thick, rough, and scaly

N. Joseph W. Martin's home city (2 wds.)

O. Vast

P. Maxims

Q. To put money or currency in circulation

R. The European elk (but not the American Elk!)

S. Paper which parrots the "Liberal" line or is it vice versa?

T. A consequence of a meeting following Trigonometry class

U. Very expensive free cash (2 wds.)

V. Irregular or uneven

W. City in the Netherlands

X. Unscramble BONY DAY

Y. Practice of murder by certain people

Z. To disseminate

WORDS

202 225 215 105 234 145 33 48 124 183

2 108 128 49 36 106 139 151 144 61 220

175 160 186

26 195 223 69 22 125 87

58 191 116 170 206 101 148

72 205 213 110 88

123 208 219 228 129

152 159 111 81 141 118

178 9 196 161 177 113 62 200 50

192 119 109 10 209 27 63 216 42 199 162

142 187 222 70

211 190 71 204 114

218 74 214 240 165 193 230 11 43

226 75 89 231 163 188 55

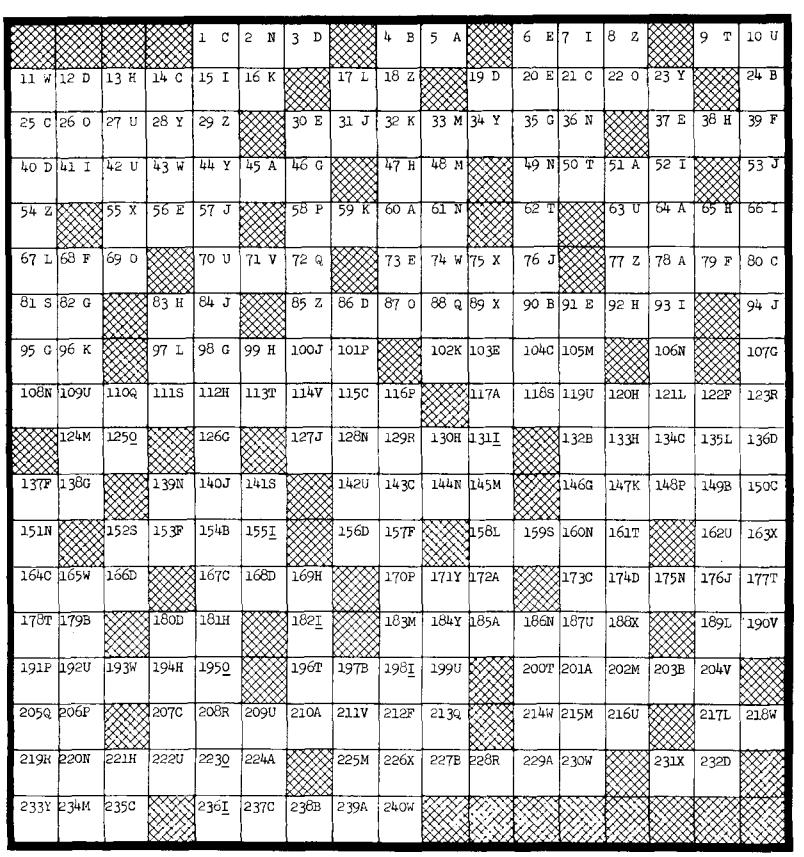
233 171 34 23 28 44 184

8 18 54 77 29 85

See page 852 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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VITAL ELECTION

(Continued from p. 837)

mosity between the party's left-wingers and moderates over Southeast Asia, and a recent serious challenge to Calwell's leadership by the personable Gough Whitlam, who is the ALP's Deputy Leader. If the Liberals are returned it is unlikely that Calwell would retain ALP leadership for long.

Meanwhile Calwell is preparing to take on Holt, in the greatest fight of his political life. And it will be a battle that the White House will be watching very, very closely.

HAZELTON

(Continued from p. 841)

homus bi tahini, chick peas mashed with sesame paste, or eggplant, or fava beans mashed with same, to be scooped up with the flat, plate-like Arab bread which is thin and marvelous, and was originally shaped this way to permit the desert wanderers to dispense with plates. Also not to be ignored is the *tabboule* salad, composed of cracked wheat, scallions, tomatoes, masses of parsley, lemon juice and mint—one of the best-composed salads in the world.

The desserts include the typical Middle Eastern goodies like *baclava,* paperthin pastry filled with pistachios and drenched with honey. For a change, I suggest *muhallabiah,* a mild and mildly exotic rosewater-flavored milk pudding which is to the Middle Easterners what Jell-o is to us, or a compote of stewed raisins, pine nuts and honey, for which I am mad. The two can also be combined.

The Cedar premises are plain, and Lebanese maidens wait on you, under the eagle eye of the affable owner John Arege, who came here to work at the Lebanese Consulate. He is always at hand to make one feel at home and guide the neophyte. Do not be misled by the restaurant's apparent simplicity. Both at lunch and dinner you'll find not only very prosperous looking Middle Easterners, but lean and fascinating Americans who've been to the Middle East, the kind that can be State Department, Ford Foundation or CIA.

This place is a bargain if there ever was one. The servings are enormous, and should be shared for variety's sake. At lunch, the shish-kebab special, with main dish, dessert and coffee, is around $1.50, and a large dinner around $3.25. Entrees and salads from 90¢ and 70¢. And my beloved raisin compote is only 35¢.

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 810)

Gemini 7 and 6 mission the movies of the spacecraft show the pilots inside the spacecraft. Now if the Gemini does not need a dark protective covering maybe the Russian cosmonaut didn't either.

Springfield, Vt. JOHN R. VAUGHAN

In re Mr. Buckley's article of June 28 about the Meredith shooting: there must be more to this story than I have been able to read in the newspapers and in Mr. Buckley's essay.

Any clerk in any hardware store in the South would know that one can't kill a man with birdshot at any distance greater than about 25 yards. If Norvell had really *wanted* to kill Meredith, he would have used buckshot, with which one could kill a man any distance up to, say, about a hundred yards.

What, then, *was* Norvell up to?

Melrose, Fla. PHILIP I. ESCHBACH JR.

Okay, so all he wanted to do was wound Meredith. —ED.

Olivier/Othello

I read with interest of the *Times Literary Supplement*'s approval of Hugh Kenner's recent efforts in your magazine.

Until I read Kenner's review of Olivier's production of *Othello,* I had felt nothing could supersede his commentary on Keaton in pure nonsense.

The article on Keaton was incoherent; the one on *Othello* was inconsequential. After giving the opinion that we have no exact way of knowing what Shakespeare expected in his players and that we are therefore compelled to lend our own interpretations of Shakespeare's words, Kenner jumps down Olivier's throat for giving a brilliant interpretation which did not, unfortunately, agree with Kenner's.

Kenner also refused to give more than three or four examples to back up his entire article. He ignores almost totally the other characters in the play. He harps continuously on words, words, words, but seldom on feeling. Shakespeare wrote plays to be acted, not to be read. Apparently, Mr. Kenner would rather forget that fact.

Ivory-tower writing is fine for the ivory tower, but not, surely, for the NATIONAL REVIEW.

Westerville, Ohio JINNY SCHOTT
Otterbein College
Junior

Words, words, indeed; but alas, they are all we have of Shakespeare's conception. So as a minimal criterion one would like the other components of the production to agree with them (I never suggested that it needed to agree with some idea of mine).

Of course Olivier's Othello *is brilliant. So is Verdi's. And Verdi used an Italian libretto which didn't get in the way of his conception. Olivier would have done well to use the stage equivalent—a bare English prose rescription of the dialogue —and apparently conceded as much in making so many of the Elizabethan words inaudible.*

I gather that Miss Schott, entranced by an electrifying performance, didn't miss those jettisoned coherences. But her eye's talent for reducing printed words to "incoherence" or "nonsense" had perhaps already persuaded her that they don't matter.

Goleta, Calif. HUGH KENNER

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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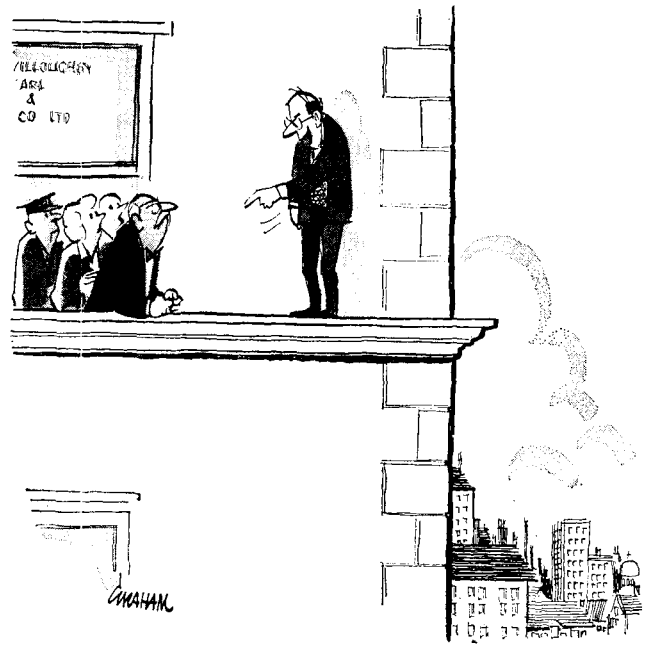
For The Record

Yale Prof. Staughton Lynd way, way out in front-page editorial in Peking-oriented National Guardian Aug. 6. He urged potential draftees to "refuse to be inducted," adding: "When enough young men refuse to fight and enough women and older men publicly advocate and encourage the action (thus exposing themselves to similar punishment) what began as moral protest will have become political." . . . Oregon politicos believe Mark Hatfield has been badly hurt by opposition to Vietnam war. He was earlier regarded as shoo-in to replace Maurine Neuberger in Senate; now odds are about even, with Rep. Robert Duncan perhaps even a whisker ahead. . . . Roll out the big guns: Sen. Paul Douglas, running a tight race against Chuck Percy in Illinois, has gotten support of Kennedy wing of party. Speaking for him before summer is out will be the Brothers K., Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and Senators Birch Bayh (Ind.), William Proxmire and Gaylord Nelson (both Wis.).

This week marks fifth anniversary of Berlin Wall. Its cost: 58 killed, 54 wounded, more than 2,200 caught, according to West Berlin authorities. Another cost (to East Germany), the 468 border guards who have defected to the West. . . . Polish defector Wladyslaw Tykocinski (former head of Polish military mission in East Berlin) say Polish First Secretary Gomulka believes the Eastern European bloc is breaking up. To save it Gomulka reportedly has proposed a federation of what he believes are the only salvageable regimes: The USSR, Poland, Czechoslovakia and East Germany. . . . Art circles in Europe excited over reports of secret negotiations between Soviet authorities and representatives of Christie's for the auctioning of some Russian art treasures in London—which would be the first event of the kind since the Revolution.

Washington Post moving in on strike-bound Herald-Tribune. First it bought 45% interest in Paris Herald (which has twice the paid circulation of the international N.Y. Times), then it signed up long-time (seventeen-year) Tribune humorist Art Buchwald. Post will be Buchwald's home paper, he'll be syndicated by Los Angeles Times syndicate. . . . Sen. Richard Russell (D., Ga.), head of Armed Services Committee, says five-part N.Y. Times series on CIA contained some "security breaches" as well as "some grievous errors."

Two former Indonesian ambassadors (to Peking and to Hanoi) reportedly are busily at work in Red China setting up an Indonesian government-in-exile. . . . One of first moves of reorganized Suharto cabinet in Indonesia has been to remove government "supervisors" from premises of two U.S. oil firms. . . . Oil tankers from East European satellites reportedly giving Haiphong wide berth since bombing of oil installations started last month.



Punch — Ben Roth Agency

"Retroactive to the first of April?"

Albania has won Political Conformity Prize, hands down. Radio Tirana reports only four Albanian voters (out of two million) failed to cast ballots in recent general election.

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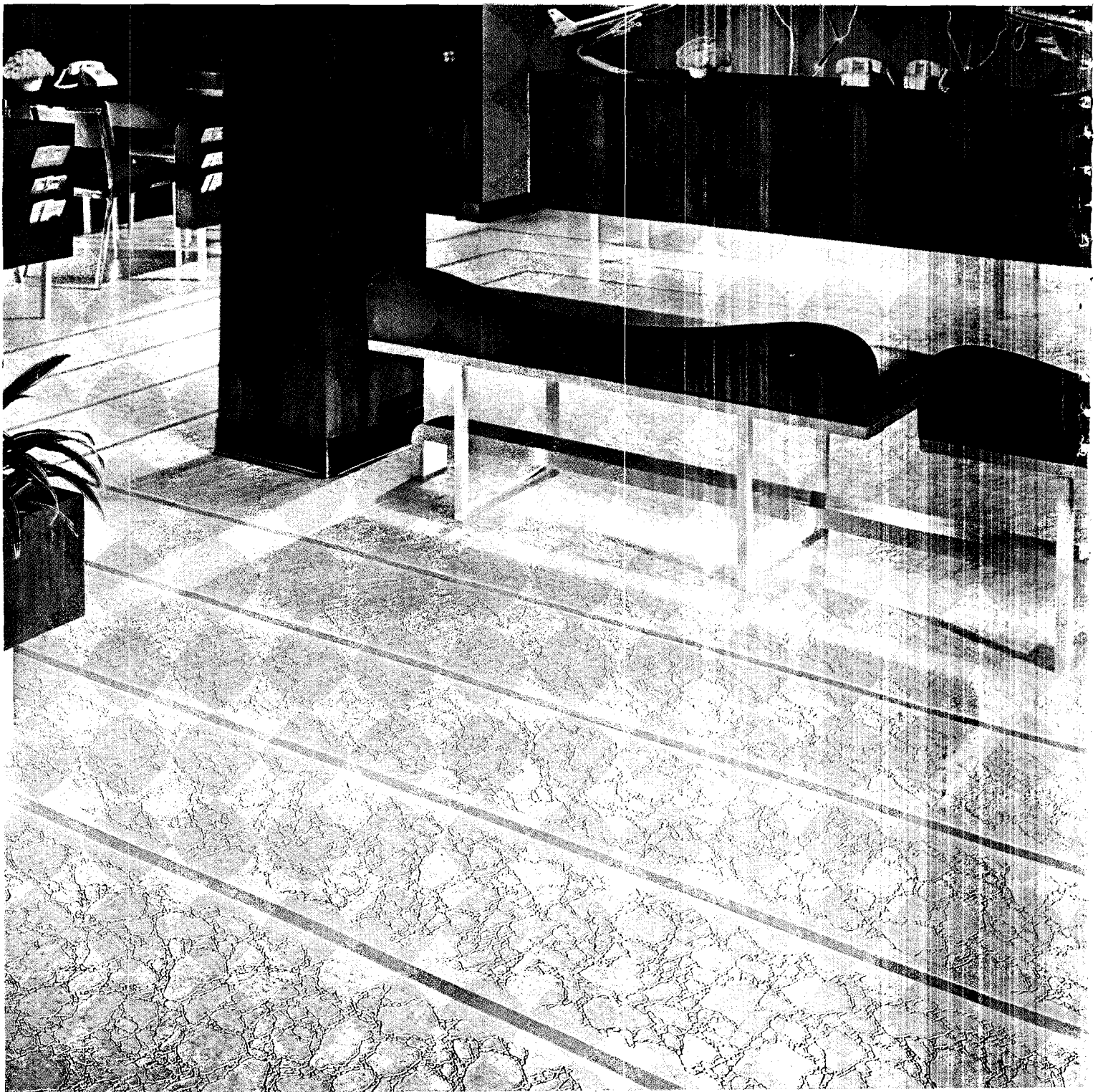

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